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FESTIVAL REVELLERS GUIDE:
WHAT'S ON AND WHERE, FULL BAND PREVIEWS

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
NME

Naughty culture

OI! WINKER!
Head for Glastonbury with BLUR,
ORBITAL, L7, NICK CAVE, MIXMASTER MORRIS, BEASTIE BOYS, JOHNNY CASH, SPIN DOCTORS, OASIS, CARLEEN ANDERSON, BOO RADLEYS, LOOP GURU, JAMES, MANIC STREET PREACHERS, GRANT LEE BUFFALO & TINY MONROE

Germany Dm 5.30 Spain Psa 300

Damon from Blur photographed by Steve Double

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news

News Editor: TOMMY UDO 071 261 5762

Pyramid refuses to reveal secrets

SOMERSET POLICE have closed their investigations into the mystery fire which razed Glastonbury Festival's Pyramid Stage last week.

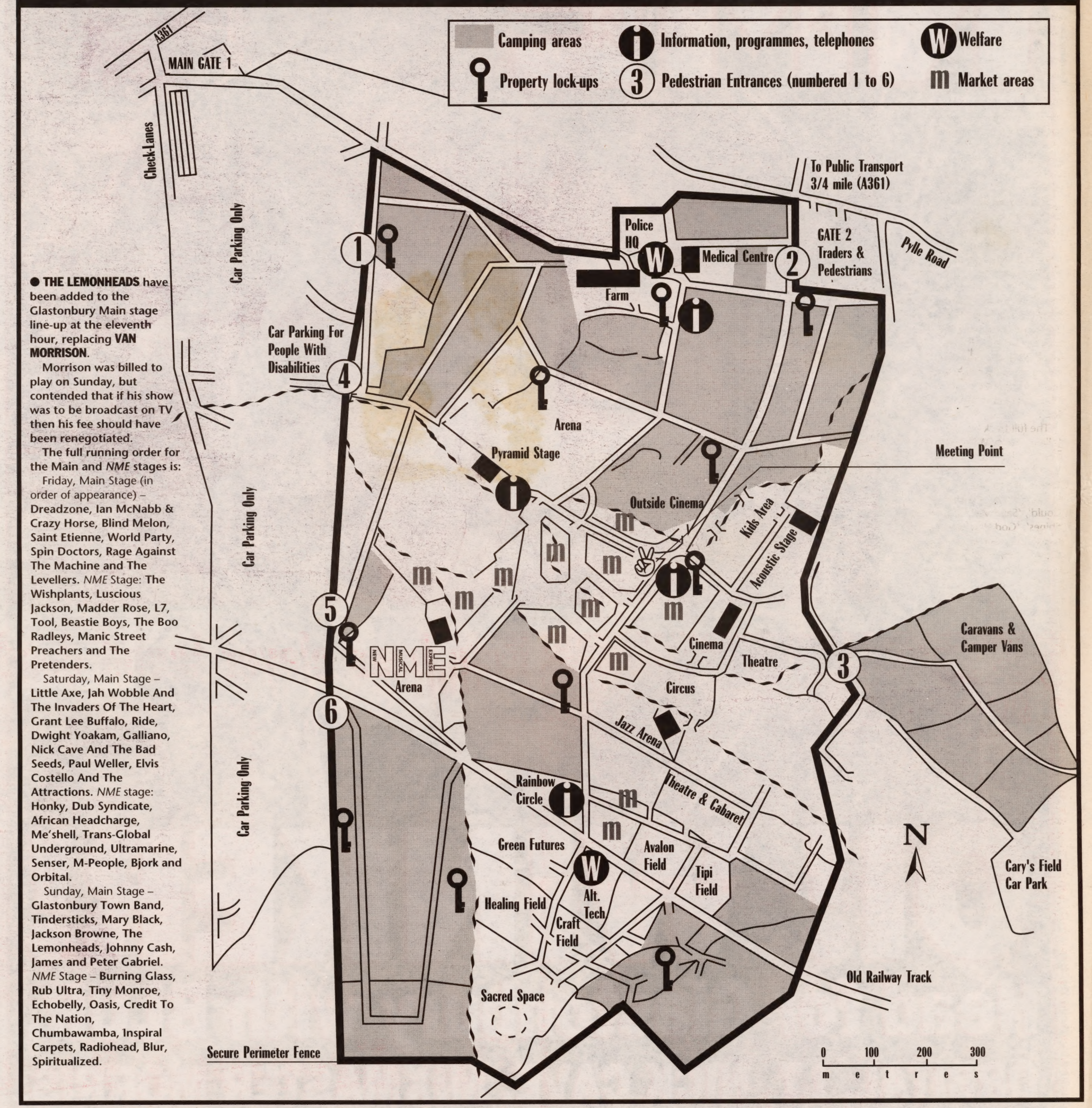
Some initial reports suggested that arsonists may have been responsible for last Monday's fire, while others blamed an electrical fault for the £60,000 damage.

But police now say they'll probably never know the cause of the fire after festival site owner Michael Eavis cleared the area to keep the event running on schedule.

"Mr Eavis was more concerned about getting on with the festival," Somerset police spokesperson Sgt Frank Waghorn told *NME*, "so the site was bulldozed straight away. The Fire Department has no evidence of arson so we're closing the investigation."

The fire won't affect the festival: organisers have hired the stage used for Pavorotti's Hyde Park show as a replacement.

YOUR SUMMER STARTS HERE!



● **THE LEMONHEADS** have been added to the Glastonbury Main stage line-up at the eleventh hour, replacing **VAN MORRISON**.

Morrison was billed to play on Sunday, but contended that if his show was to be broadcast on TV then his fee should have been renegotiated.

The full running order for the Main and *NME* stages is:

Friday, Main Stage (in order of appearance) – **Dreadzone, Ian McNabb & Crazy Horse, Blind Melon, Saint Etienne, World Party, Spin Doctors, Rage Against The Machine and The Levellers.** *NME* Stage: **The Wishplants, Luscious Jackson, Madder Rose, L7, Tool, Beastie Boys, The Boo Radleys, Manic Street Preachers and The Pretenders.**

Saturday, Main Stage – **Little Axe, Jah Wobble And The Invaders Of The Heart, Grant Lee Buffalo, Ride, Dwight Yoakam, Galliano, Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds, Paul Weller, Elvis Costello And The Attractions.** *NME* stage: **Honky, Dub Syndicate, African Headcharge, Me'shell, Trans-Global Underground, Ultramarine, Senser, M-People, Bjork and Orbital.**

Sunday, Main Stage – **Glastonbury Town Band, Tindersticks, Mary Black, Jackson Browne, The Lemonheads, Johnny Cash, James and Peter Gabriel.** *NME* Stage – **Burning Glass, Rub Ultra, Tiny Monroe, Echobelly, Oasis, Credit To The Nation, Chumbawamba, Inspiral Carpets, Radiohead, Blur, Spiritualized.**

● **FOR ARMCHAIR** festival-goers, Channel 4 will be showing live coverage of the three-day festival. As well as live sets from bands appearing at Glastonbury, there will be interviews and a look around all the stages at the site.

For those at Glastonbury, **NME TV** will show live action from all the performance stages as well as interviews with bands and artists and a roving camera out among the festival-goers.

● **THE *NME* TENT** at Glastonbury will be situated at the side of the *NME* stage (see map).

As well as being a popular meeting point, the tent will be selling our exclusive *NME* Glastonbury T-shirts as well as our high quality 'Build 'Em Up, Knock 'Em Down' shirts and record bags.

There will also be a new range of Bastard Bunny T-shirts as well as the new BB comic. All this plus *NME* CD compilations including 'In A Field Of Their Own' Volumes I & II, recorded live at previous Glastonbury festivals, and the infamous punk compilation 'Pogo-A-Go-Go'.

We will also be distributing free *NME* badges and brand new 'Peel papers' – info about John Peel's radio shows. Bring all your pocket money: as much as you can get.

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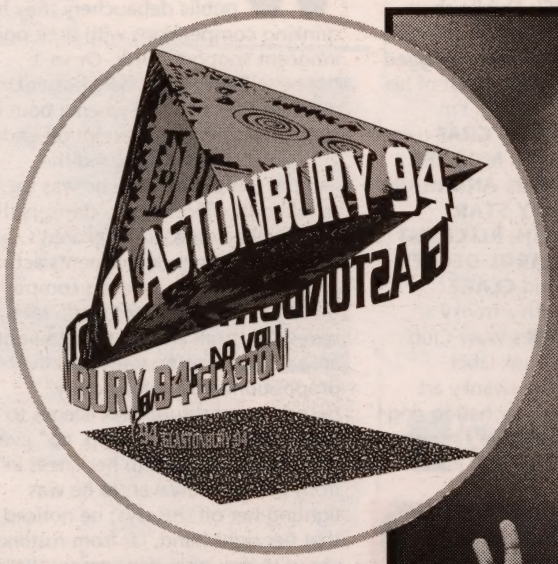
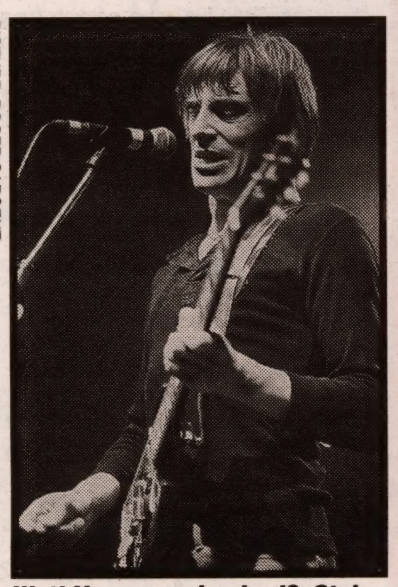
MAIN STAGE

THESE ARABLE MEN

● You've stuffed your face with falafel mung quiche, you're bored with Twato's Travelling Jugglers Ensemble and you've sacrificed live chickens to the smokin' dragon. Now it's time to WATCH SOME BANDS! And to guide you through the morass of field trips SYLVIA PATTERSON, JOHN ROBINSON and JOHNNY DEE have gleefully selected the highlights and lowlife of the Tor news on the Main and *NME* Stages. Grab your love beads and prepare to ambiently RAWK!



PICTURE: MARTYN GOODACRE



PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT

Wot! No cappacino bar!?: Style counsellors Paul Weller (left) and Galliano (right) storm Glasto

THE LEVELLERS

EVER WALKED into a field to find that every tie-dyed serf with a pulse knows your name, birthday and favourite vegetarian recipes? No? The Levellers have this experience every week, and once you have experienced their limb-loosening fiddly-rock, you – yes, even you, Blind Melon fan! – could become one of their throng. As givers of quite superlative pasture, The Levellers, we salute you.

Strokey-chin verdict: They happened without our permission – a genuine phenomenon.

Rumoured surprise guests: Brighton + 1.

JOHNNY CASH

BLACK WEARIN', God lervin', story musin' guru of the pingular country plectrum, 'Dirty' Cash will be *much* more than this year's 'ironic' Tom Jones/Rolf Harris comedy renaissance spot. The entire south of England will bellow "MAH NAME IS SUE! HOW DO YOU DO!?!" and this year's Big Glasto-Spliffic Moment will be born. He is an outlaw, a revolutionary and he once burnt down a mountain.

Rumoured surprise guest: Nick Cave.

Chin-stoke verdict: Hark, the rumbling baritones, he's the spirit of America, dude.

PETER GABRIEL

THE BEST ex-member of Genesis simply by virtue of shaving his head down the middle, dressing up as a marigold, and never writing songs about his ex-missus, 'The Gabe' is the overlord of cross-cultural United Nations vibes par excellence. In spite of the likely presence onstage of at least three ponytails, Pete could still be a cleansing experience for some. After a visit to the homeopathic mud bath field, this could well be essential.

Before: You will have been known to openly mock world music types in the street.

After: you will be heard repeatedly extolling the virtues of the Polynesian foreskin drum until your group of friends becomes – mysteriously – rather smaller.

RIDE

MAKING DAISY chains, writing smart Byrdsian harmony-pop, and speaking in really, really quiet voices. That's Ride's home life for you. But be ready for this Oxford four-piece's transformation into axe-wielding sex totems from Planet Armadillo the moment they step onto the Glasto stage. The journey from mice to men and back again only lasts about an hour, but witness it and you too will believe that book-worms can ROCK LIKE BASTARDS.

Expect: Rose-tinted spectacles.

Strokey-chin verdict: "Oh yes, there's always been a Byrds/Beach Boys/Who/Stones/Led Zeppelin/Smokie/Al Green/Golden Earring/Pickettywitch element to their music. So Andy told me."

THE LEMONHEADS

LE GRANDE CITRON and his laid back pals travel to Europe's biggest vegeburger fest as replacements for Van The Man. Fine by us; Mr Morrison may be as traditional to Glasto as three lighters for a quid but there's nothing like a spot of geeky sex appeal to help you through your rock day.

Expect: Classic tunes, lazy aplomb

Do not expect: Duets about God with Cliff Richard.

THE SPIN DOCTORS

SOCKS ON heads as the geezer who looks like Jesus comes out of the desert, dusts off his country rock jamborees and waits for everyone to get the words wrong to 'Two Princes'. Especially the *"Marry him or marry me I'm the one indecipherable bletherings up a gum tree"* bit.

Expect: The bloke who looks like Jesus to not turn up at all.

Strokey-chin verdict: The Nirvana for the Britannia Music Club generation.

PAUL WELLER

THE BONA fide '90s renaissance man, two years ago Weller was toast. Over. That geezer with the funny hair who used to be in The Jam. Now he's the toast of the town, the hip priest, the cat's whiskers. And his hair is quite well groomed. His bringing-down-the-government days are behind him now and lately Paul is content dreamily strumming some romantic prose beneath the shade of a sycamore tree. His new laid-back demeanour should suit the festival atmos but he is not scared to rock.

Expect: Lads in Harrington jackets shouting for 'Going Underground'.

Do not expect: 'Going Underground'.

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

IN THEIR time they've been mildly riled by governments, got a little hot under the collar about violence, and been made really hopping mad, actually, by all sorts of corruption. What Zack De La Rocha and his mates will find to upset them at Glastonbury is hard to say, but unless you ask them to play some bloody excellent hardcore thrash, you can be sure that they will in no way, by no means, do what you tell them. Oh no.

Expect: Mosh pit visible from space.

Do not expect: A new ambient direction.

SAINT ETIENNE

WITH NO espresso bars for a 150 mile radius how will Croydon's superpop elite fare in these strange rustic surroundings? The chances are they will bring a pert ray of glamour on to the Main Stage with their weird yet poignant tales of urban living.

Expect: Full-on posing from Sarah and sad plimsoll-staring from the boys.

Rumoured surprise guest: Peter Purves in a 1920s swimming costume will incorrectly introduce the band as Street Etienne.

ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS

CURLY SENTENCES in art pop for old folk who never had it so good, what with half the planet thinking it's 1982 and the like. Elv – unless he's changed his name to @ or something – will be wry, huffy, polemical and jerky.

Expect: A knees-berserk greatest hits sing-song for sentimental old duffers. Elv & The Attractions are officially B-A-C-K.

Do not expect: A terrible beard.

GRANT LEE BUFFALO

IN CASE you didn't already know it, Grant Lee Buffalo are Michael Stipe's favourite band. Yes, that's MICHAEL STIPE'S FAVOURITE BAND, PEOPLE! Fear not, though. These are not oddbods, communists or beard owners, but mellow revolutionaries dealing in scuffed-up ballads and heartfelt longing. Just what Dr Peaceful-Vibe ordered, you may well conclude, as you sip a warm sprout tea, and wonder where all your mates have gone.

Rumoured surprise guest: Michael Stipe.

Do not expect: Michael Stipe.

TINDERSTICKS

PROBABLY THE band least likely to come away from Glastonbury with an impressive set of juggling skills, 'Laughing' Stu Sticks and his chucklesome punsters will make you feel so indescribably homesick that you will go and light a small fire in your tent to recreate that authentic 'Smoky City Vibe'. Moody, brooding, 'handsome' and melancholic, the Tindersticks may well bring you down. But for added fun follow the band to the Teepee Field and watch them as they attempt to explain to naked revellers exactly what 'a nice shirt and tie' are for.

Strokey-chin verdict: Used to be all fields round here.

Do not expect: Bermuda shorts and comedy oversize sun-glasses.

GALLIANO

DESPITE HAVING done for the millinery industry approximately what The Auteurs have done for reggae, Galliano are no longer the sole preserve of London types in red jeans who pay four quid for a cup of *café latte*. No. Skanking, rapping, harmonising, jamming Galliano are the sound of loved-up eco-friendly Everyman with a funk in their shoe and a stash sewn in their turn-up. Do the decent thing: get 'em round your tent and talk herbaceous border. They'll like that.

Expect: Preposterous 'Amos' sideburns, humungous hats, walking sticks and seasonal vibes.

Do not expect: Buzzcocks cover versions.

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS

NOT CONTENT with being the man who made goth good *and* the greatest living Australian, Nick Cave is also a festival maestro and a half. Thrill! as his beefy baritone threatens to dislodge those ropey falafels you ate earlier. Gasp! in the presence of bona fide rock god Blixa Bargeld. And then feel slightly silly! as you realise that you've been singing "JINGLE! JANGLE! JINGLE! JANGLE!" very loudly indeed. *"Do you love me?"* asks Nick. Indeed we do, we reply, awestruck.

Rumoured surprise guest: Johnny Cash, the other man in black.

Strokey-chin verdict: "I think it's the blend of violence and humour that does it for me."

JAMES

FINE EXPONENTS of Ry Cooder-style guitar minimalism if last album 'Laid' is anything to go by, yet James own two of the weekend's biggest sing-alongs in 'Come Home' and 'Sit Down'. Much will depend on whether they play a greatest hits set or not. But if they do it would be a fitting rock-fans-coming-together-as-one in a loving mass style send off.

Expect: Tim Booth to stop a song half way through and ask in his half speaking/half singing way "Are you all having a good time? Seen any good bands?".

Do not expect: To see yer mates, they'll be watching Blur on the *NME* Stage.

JAH WOBBLE'S INVADERS OF THE HEART

IF A sanitary inspector from Harringey Council is Zeus and the Mile End Road is the Gardens Of Gethsemane to The Wob these days then what the blazes is he going to make of 100,000 trolley-less festival goers? Depending on your cynicism levels, Jah's latest album, 'Take Me To God' is a pan-global magical mystery tour or a load of gobbledegook. Whatever, no other band could possibly be more in sync with this weekend's pleasure-seekers.

Expect: Stage extensions to accommodate special guests.

Do not expect: John Lydon/God/Allah/Zeus/Mohammed/Odin/Buddha/Sanitary inspectors from Harringey.

IAN McNABB AND CRAZY HORSE

ONE TIME Icicle Worker, these days McNabb wears leather and has Neil Young's old muckers behind him for all new rocks-off splendour. With a new album resplendent in songs about girls and gasoline, this is music made for putting your feet on monitors to. Unfortunately, we proles will not be kitted out with such accessories but prepare for minor outbreaks of headbanging in your vicinity.

Expect: Rock as she was meant to be rolled.

Rumoured surprise guest: Pete Wylie, The Farm, that bloke out of It's Immaterial, Ian Mac, Ken Dodd, Neil Young and Bill Oddie.

NME STAGE

ORBITAL

THE WORLD'S leading purveyors of glacial techno, Phil and Paul Hartnoll provide the soundtrack for a meeting of minds and feet where indie, rock and raveheads can come together in a mad stew of crispy-digital-micro-fibre-optic electro beats. Yes, this is the time to dance the dance of the mad Venusian slaphead and not worry about it. In short, they are ace. And we're not on drugs.

Expect: Enormous lights, little lights, medium sized lights. Great if you like lights.

Do not expect: To be ready to rock.

CREDIT TO THE NATION

LIKE AN overcrowded bus in the January rush, Glasto joy seekers will be charging towards the front of the stage to become part of MC Fusion's tunesome rap-unity-vibe. And they're not just a little shouty bloke you know; T-Swing and Mista G are as much a part of the joyous Credit thang and the full formation dance routine extravaganza can be expected.

Expect: MC Fusion to request that you "listen to the lyrics".

Rumoured surprise guest: Chumbawa mba.

RUB ULTRA

TO SOME they are already the future of rock with their nerve-shredding riffs and anarcho lyrics. To others they are a bit like Senser only with a taller bloke singing. Whatever, unless you are comatose, or having a perfectly nice time staring at your feet, this is your chance to answer the question: Exactly who are Rub Ultra?

Expect: Crazy scenes, man.

Do not expect: Joy Division.

(AND WOMEN)

PICTURE: A LIGUZ

Bug-time sensuality: Bjork sets up her phrenology stall

TRANS-GLOBAL UNDERGROUND

GREAT CACOPHONIES of ethno techno. If flurries of Indian strings and uncontrollable warbling takes yer mum's fancy – and indeed it should – then arrive early. London's pan-global faves have the added draw of top personality Mr Pork Pie Man, who will surely be the coolest 'face' this side of Swindon.

Expect: 20 drummers, 17 belly dancers, the return of the poncho as style necessity.

Do not expect: Night of 100 guitars style axe lick contest, break dancing and the return of the snorkel parka.

TINY MONROE

LOOK FOR the band comprising three failed Showaddywaddy types and one crop-haired Sinéad-alike, contain your initial urges to buy the bass player some new togs, and then watch and learn about Suede-like glam condensed into crunchy three-minute pop. Congratulations. You have just found Tiny Monroe, and are now eternally in our debt. The beer tent will never have looked so unattractive.

Expect: To spot Chrissie Hynde clapping enthusiastically at the side of the stage.

Do not expect: Echobelly, Salad, Blessed Ethel and Sleeper to be clapping enthusiastically from the side of the stage.

M PEOPLE

PRE GLASTO '94 there will be many who have M People written off as a handbag dance outfit and, f'sure, no band sounds better on Top Shop's in-store radio station. Post Glasto '94 those very same disbelievers will cherish memories of the best party band of the weekend – every tune a pop classic belted out with gusto from Marge Simpson hairdo wearer, singer Heather Small. Prepare to lay down thy veggie burritos and boogie.

Rumoured surprise guest: Peter Hook in drag.

Strokey-chin verdict: "I didn't take dangerous drugs in dangerous places to listen to M People."

Mancunian stuff like 'Supersonic', and our world will never be quite as narrow again. Go early, or forever lead a sad and pitiful life, where even practising Christians shun you in the street. It really is that simple.

Expect: A mess of humanity on the footbridge as the entire Glastonbury Festival and their dogs spoon themselves into the *NME* field for an "Are they any cop, then?" analysis.

Do not expect: The Stone Roses to be among them.

APACHE INDIAN

WHETHER, AFTER gorging ourselves on huge quantities of Orb cigarettes and expensive alcohol, we will be capable of winding our bellies and wiggling our botties is highly debatable. What we will be able to do, though, is feast our eye stalks on some top flight bhangra-muffin malarkey, doubtless involving some saucy dance routines and no guitars whatsoever.

Expect: A 'fun-for-all-the-family' moment, ie, the dancing Apache kids.

Do not expect: Co-ordinated audience bhangra boogies. Leave it to the experts.

SPIRITUALIZED

QUITE THE barmiest of any band to have been associated with the pastime beginning with 'd' and ending in 'rugs', Spiritualized are lunatic masters of the cosmic vibe and the throbbing lightshow. "Something special" is promised for Glastonbury, so you would be well advised to take a responsible adult along for moral support.

Expect: The unexpected. Man.

Strokey-chin verdict: Not so much a cathedral of sound as a mosque of incandescent curlicues of pretentious nuance. Man.

dEUS

FROM THE land of... er... and... well, from the land of Belgium, anyway, these caPitAL leTTer shy lowlanders are the acceptable time-signatures of mildly

BJORK

FOREIGN NUTTER highlight via the Icelandic sorceress plutonic yodels of the ether. Hair of languid hippies across the Field Of Teepees Made Out Of Quaver Bags will vertically spiral at the moon at each chart-bound sound from 'Debut' (she'll play the lot) while ravers of yesteryear shove half a pound of Vick's Vapo-Rub down their trousers in celebration of a rare guitar-free disco space romp.

Expect: Monumental good vibes if you haven't already digested the Guadelupian pond-life burger beforehand.

Do not expect: An appearance by once pop-pal Jaz Coleman dressed up as Lucifer with a lawnmower on his head. More's the pity.

BLUR

UNLESS YOUR mates live in a lead-lined box it is unlikely that they have failed to become enthralled by the charms of these spunky young men singing about boys, girls, girls, boys and parks. London loves Blur. Glastonbury loves Blur. Small, flat villages in Belgium love Blur. And you? You would have to be a person of not inconsiderable stupidity not to love Blur too, me old ducks. Ahem.

Expect: Chim-chiminee, chim-chimenee, chim, chim, cherooo.

Do not expect: Hello Glastonbury, fancy a Pimms?

THE PRETENDERS

THOSE WHO recently witnessed their low-key tour of Great British toilets returned with glints in their eyes and tales of a band bang on form in a rockin' the night away style.

We shall no longer pretend to know who is in the band apart from the magnificent Chrissie Hynde but look forward to a hit-strewn set and magnificent tonsil wailing from the bike chicks' bike chick.

Expect: Leather trench coats, fake fur and vast selection of expensive guitars.

Rumoured surprise guest: Johnny Marr.

PICTURES: ROB WATKINS

Grab your white handbag for M People (left), then stuff it full of speed for Echobelly (right)

THE BOO RADLEYS

HUGE CURLICUES of delicious melody popcorn, interplanetary most extraordinary grooves, strange trumpet shapes, and a bit of pub-dub. Yes, spend half an hour in the drinking company of Martin Carr and you too will hear these things. But if it's The Boo Radleys yer after getting a handle on try 'buttery Scouse Beach Boys' according to our '90s indie almanac.

Strokey-chin verdict: Buttery Scouse Beach Boys.

Rumoured surprise guests: The Glastonbury Town Band.

OASIS

TWO REASONS why you will pawn your household pets to the man with the squint and suspicious raincoat in order get to Glastonbury. One: Oasis have already made the expression "Are ya f—in' startin', or what?" as essential to rock'n'roll as "Can I have more bass in the monitors, please?" Two: they will play swaggering, pouting, resolutely bonkers experimental funky rock. We do have a question, though: What do you think they did in Belgium before dEUS? Maybe they just listened to Blur...

Expect: To be frightened by the appearance of violins on stage. Do not fret, it merely adds to the bonkers mayhem.

Do not expect: To understand.

MADDER ROSE

ALREADY FAVOURITES for the coveted 'Band In Most Advanced Degree Of Ill-Health' award, there is every possibility that New York's Madder Rose could well crumble into dust before the end of their first song. Should they not, however, prepare for beautiful, wistful tales about staying indoors, and that hideously catchy one which goes "*Hey Rose! Hey Madder!*" a lot. If suffering from 'festival disorientation' at this point, this song could well prove invaluable.

Expect: Sizable American indie band T-shirt contingent down the front.

Do not expect: Madness, The Stone Roses...

ECHOBELLY

SWIRL, SWIRL, and most inevitably, swirl to the Smithsian cavalcade of NWONW's most eloquent jingle-meisters complete with gumption lyrics about abortion and taking skiploads of Grade A narcotics.

Expect: To feel unavoidable desire to pay homage by purchasing speed off a bloke in a woolly hat only to weep copiously as you realise you've bought 20 quid's worth of Bassett's sherbet dip (with no licorice).

Do not expect: To see Sonya in a Spandex leotard with a whip. Still, this is Glasto, and surrealism lives here.

PULP

GENIAL POP at its lapel-primping finest, Pulp – for a long time 47th on the bill at the Mum's Nylon Apron With Orange Flowers On The Hem Tent – compound their glory year with triumphant finger contortions and several spectacle cases worth of top bendy-organ pop tunes.

Expect: Jarvis to arrive in his prehistoric but bright Hillman Imp having taken four months to wheeze down the motorway at 3mm per fortnight.

Do not expect: Much booting in of amplifier with snakeskin cowboy boot.

Rumoured surprise guest : Jo Brand swinging from a hammock ten feet above the stage, visible only by a constant stream of fag fog.

L7

TO PUT it mildly, L7 are a band who 'do not sound a great deal similar to Heavenly'. An all-woman four-piece of mega grunge, formation tattoos, and less than saintly demeanours, L7 are a female Motörhead but, for the most part, without the warts. Or the beards. Or the goats. They have occasionally been known to fling used tampons at disgruntled audiences, so if Mr Macho next to you is thinking of heckling, he'd best take an umbrella.

Strokey-chin verdict: Women with balls!

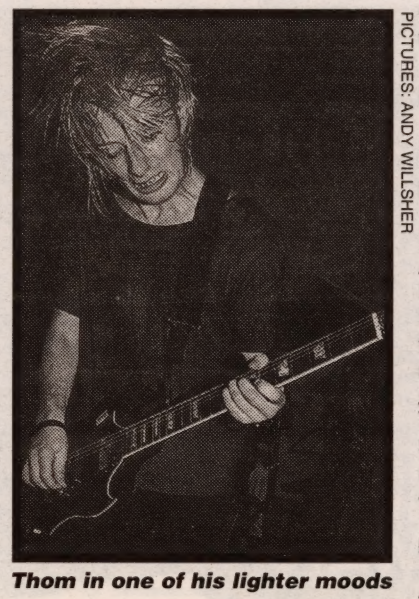
Rumoured surprise guest: Kim Gordon.

RADIOHEAD

ALREADY THE stroppiest person of restricted stature in guitar-mangling teeth-gnashing power pop, the Glasto experience is unlikely to have a soothing effect on Thom from Radiohead. Along with the likes of 'Creep' and 'Banana Co', expect heart-rending monster ballads such as 'Who The F— Stood On My Guy Ropes?' and 'That Bloke On Stilts Is Really Getting On My Tits' to be in your record shops by October. Bound to both be classics, as well. Bastards.

Expect: The entire field to join in with the "*so f—ing special*" bits.

Rumoured surprise guest: The Hollies' lawyer.



PICTURES: ANDY WILLSHER

Thom in one of his lighter moods

MANIC STREET PREACHERS

SELF-DESTRUCTION CHIC a-ruddy-hoy as the Manics kick you up the revolutionary jacksy once again, get the old stuff out of the way and self-implode spectacularly to the brand spunkin' new sound of their lost roots of punk rock frippery. (Lighters aloft to 'Motorcycle Emptiness' notwithstanding).

Expect: James to raaaawk like a beast of burden, and Richey to saw at least one leg off with a set of compasses in protest at the futility of education today.

Do not expect: Them to quell the undulating sea of ciderphonic overload with the tranquillity of a pan-global peace-lovin' great oneness.

BEASTIE BOYS

WILDLY EXPERIMENTAL New Yorkers with a penchant for risible hairpieces. Exactly what we need from white-boy hip-hop in 1994. Friends to anyone who has ever felt that building hand-rolled 'reefers' of 'marijuana' is better than work, they will punk you 'til your nose bleeds before mopping you up with the phattest of funk. A tip: win very un-Glasto cool points for every "I say, I didn't realise these chappies were quite so good..." conversation overheard.

Expect: Tofu sales pitches and outbreaks of air drumming.

Do not expect: Inflatable giant penises.

CHUMBAWAMBA

CONSUME DOUBLE your bodyweight in scrumpy, and the riot of politics, perversion and baldness that is Chumbawamba may well begin to make a peculiar sort of sense. Often derided by grey types with cagoule collections and empty lives, expect the fellowship of the soil to cause mass conversions to the Chumba cause. "*Ticky-ticky-timebomb!*" we will sing. Probably.

Strokey-chin verdict: Essential agit-prop for Generation Xers.

Rumoured surprise guest: MC Fusion.

ULTRAMARINE

DESPITE BEING revered by the entire Ambitechnic Community Centre, Ultramarine have more in common with Kevin Ayers than Autechre. Last year they performed to a blurry-eyed midday audience who found their pastoral grooves, calming demeanour and Judy Tzuke samples a soothing alternative to a Solpadine cocktail. A veritable head message, Ultramarine will also be the cleanest, tidiest looking gents on the site.

Rumoured surprise guest: Old bloke who used to be in Caravan.

Do not expect: To recognise their surprise guest.

FRONTAL GLOBEOTOMY

Blurring the edges between musical genres: US3, Carleen Anderson and Julian Joseph

In the queue at the local deli counter the other day, there were two Ethiopian women in front of me. Behind, a Sikh. The girl behind the counter was a Cypriot. The global village is no longer the world beamed to your living room TV. Your street is on the world map. And, at last, music has learnt to read it.

● Forget the global village – it's just one big globe now and it's bringing its bright and beautiful crazy mass of music to the Glasto JAZZ WORLD STAGE. IAN McCANN paints his face and joins in the celebrations.

PICTURE: MARTYN GOODACRE

Out of their element: Urban Species prepare to go rural

Glastonbury's Jazz World Stage is, superficially, a crazy mixture. Admittedly no-one, surrounded by all that the festival has to offer, is likely to stay rooted in front of any one platform all weekend – unless they're too stoned to move – but few bills could be as mixed as the Jazz World's: it's a sign of the times.

Much of it is not strictly jazz; there's plenty of what can loosely and inadequately be described as 'dance', such as Natacha Atlas, US3, The Sandals, Urban Species, Me'Shell, Ndege Ocello. There's heaps of the stuff that was once tolerantly encouraged as a necessary part of festivals, but not really loved by the bulk of those watching, such as Lucky Dube's Transvaal reggae, the mystical Suns Of Arqa, and the true 'world music' sounds of Bloco Acorda Povo, Stan Rivera and Oumou Sangare.

The era of tolerance has passed. These people are accepted and celebrated, their influence extending far beyond their homelands.

IT'S BEEN a subtle shift but the past three years and particularly the past 12 months, have moved the ground. 'World music' is no longer just the province of a few yuppies who, encouraged by the loathsome Paul Simon, went out and picked up a rather nice King Sunny Ade LP in Virgin and *isn't he talented*?

Everyone knows about global beats now. Pop has accepted that ragga exists, the media has encouraged Apache Indian and even if East 17's fans are yet to succumb to the delights of Jah Wobble, they will at least have heard a Trans-Global Underground single. And it's the likes of TGU and Loop Guru that hold the clues as to why, in Britain at least, the Jazz World Stage, a virtual advertisement for cultural diversity and unity, may be the most vital platform at Glastonbury.

"I think it says something about the diversity in the British music scene," says Carleen Anderson, the elfin expatriate American soulster with the spine-chilling voice. This is her first Glastonbury, although she's no festival newcomer, bravely making her European debut at the North Sea Jazz festival, which drew 10,000. "I imagine it to be like an annual Woodstock from what I've heard. Someone told me that the Jazz Stage has 20,000 people watching. I can't imagine singing to 20,000 people. All of those acts on one stage has to be a good thing. There might be a huge diversity in the bill but there must be a common thread in the audience to make them come to one place to hear that many different types of music. Either they're allowing themselves to have their ears stretched, or they've created the demand and the demand has to be met."

"There might be a huge diversity in the bill but there must be a common thread in the audience to make them come to one place to hear that many different types of music." – Carleen Anderson

It was acid house and the rave movement that set the demand swelling. When acid house was starting to kick in, its title, although originally just a joke on the part of a few Chicagoans to describe a house music that appeared to have neither of its feet on the ground, was enough to draw in a bunch of people attracted by the idea of a good time. In 1988 and 1989 you could almost feel the backdraft as what were once traditional rock and indie fans were sucked into raves, tempted by the prospect of drugs, all-night dancing and the outlaw kudos of a music with neither traditional pop nor social legitimacy.

Rock recovered to a degree as former mavericks like Happy Mondays and The Stone Roses found they were the only Johnnies marching in step. Acid melted into hardcore and commercial techno. But the raves, despite the stamp of the government's jackboot, donated a long-term good feeling.

Originally catalysed by ecstasy culture, later snowballing without much drug input, it was a sense of belonging, a drop in the ocean awareness that made you feel like a brother to whoever was next to you, in the next town, next continent, or, in some slightly sad cases (stand up, or at least, levitate, Eat Static) the next spaceship.

A feeling of optimism, prompted by the downfall of dictatorships such as East Germany's, Russia's, and Thatcher's, swept the new dance nation, even if the black ravers, from whom the name had been stolen in the first place, knew that on the streets, little had changed. America's much-touted new world order was in ex-acid-heads. Maybe George had been smoking too much 'bush'.

PRETTY SOON, a branch of house emerged that was not hardcore, techno, nor rave. Future Sound Of London's 'Papua New Guinea' was the first hint that Britain had: here was a totally electronic music embracing a kind of pan-global ecology. Following close behind came Trans-Global Underground, Loop Guru and, scam though it might have been, even The KLF's appropriation of mystical ideology smacked of internationalist spirituality – powered, of course, by rapid technological development: the modem enables you to shake hands with the world. Clubs such as London's internationalist Whirl-Y-Gig were but the tip of an iceberg.

The rave movement also made it cool for wised-up pop fans to breathe the air again after years in grim inner-city clubs. Hence Glastonbury, viewed as something of an idealistic hippy hangover a few short years ago, became rightly appreciated as a unique event, blossoming into a massive, if temporary, fun city.

The traveller and crusty movements – the alienated nation – were also crucial. Crusties could not get into dress-code nightclubs, so raves provided a feasible alternative. These people – society's outcasts – brought with them a set of values that suggested, once again, that there may be more to life than what the mass

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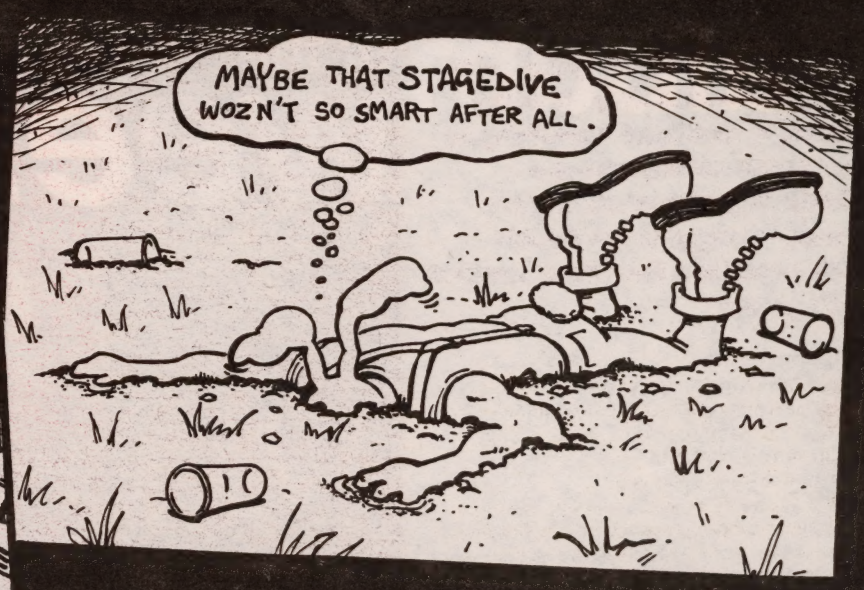

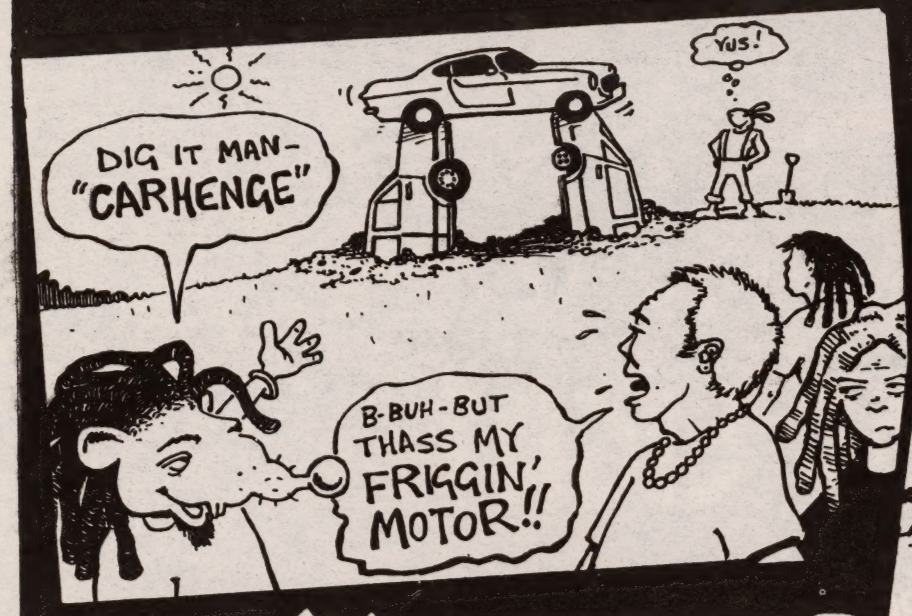

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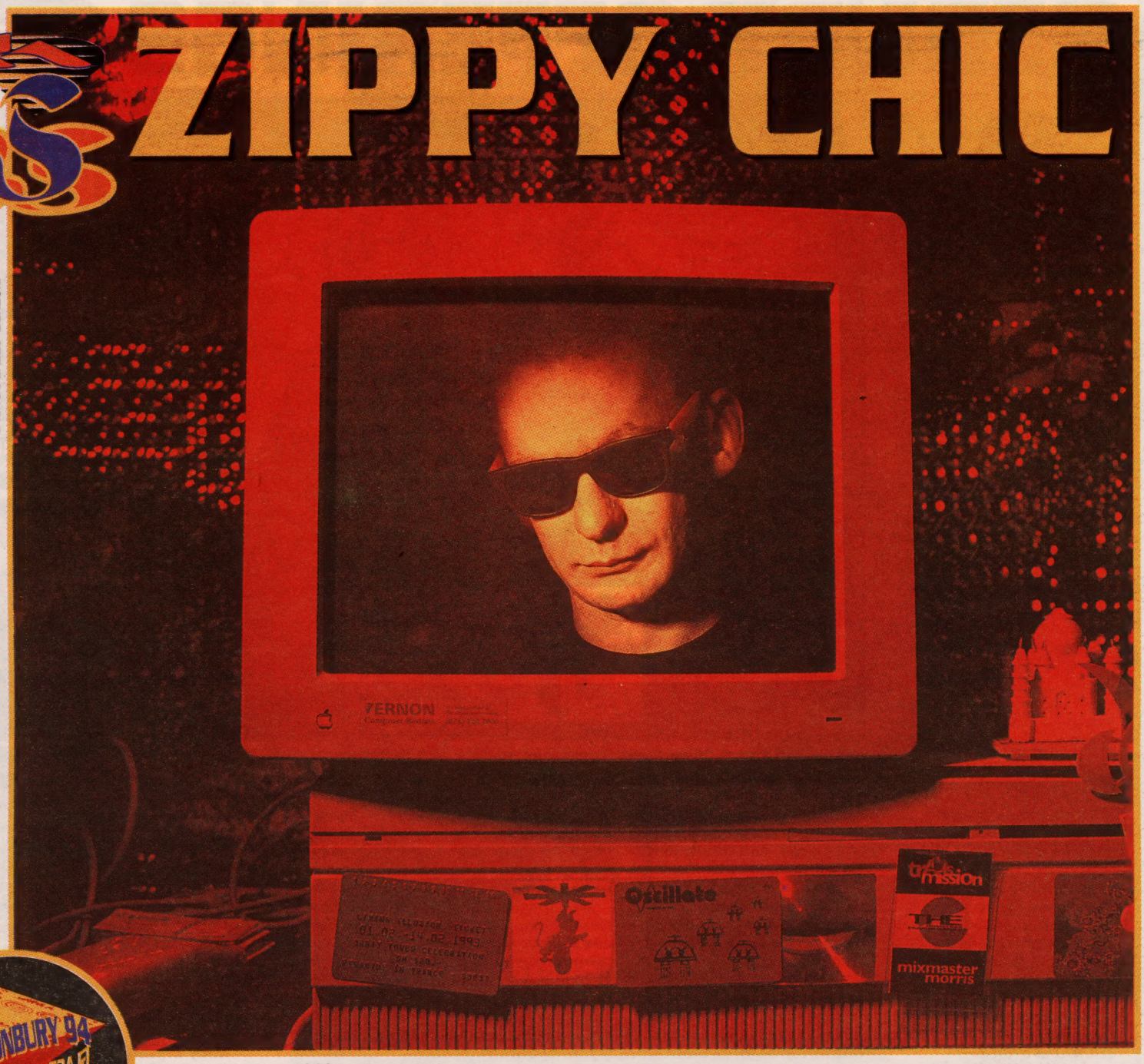

PICTURE :STEVE DOUBLE

● Never let it be said that Glastonbury is a technology-free zone; the Zippies are bringing silicon chips to the hippy feast as silver-trousered guru MIXMASTER MORRIS reveals. Meanwhile, *Vibes* grabs its passport and goes globe-trotting, finding eccentric ambient noodling in the shape of Germany's DROME and chart-storming Jamaican reggae as DAWN PENN releases her first record in 20 years.

Glastonbury, as anyone who's made the trip down to Worthy Farm will tell you, is like nothing else on earth. Other festivals may be fun, but Glasto is the one unmissable event of the year.

This is probably down to one element and one element alone; surprise. Stop for a minute to chomp that garlic mayo tofu burger and you risk being stomped on by the legendary man-in-the-box, stilt walking robots or a legion of Arthurian knights in pink tutus. Or was that just me?

Almost as likely to turn up is **MIXMASTER MORRIS** aka **THE IRRESISTIBLE FORCE**. His silver holographic trousers, shaved head and psychedelic pixie features make him easy to spot across the Green Field, while his DJ sets – which include anything from drug-induced experimental '60s music to, erm, drug-induced experimental '90s music – are even more distinctive.

Morris trancer: screen idol for a new generation

At last year's Glasto he was everywhere. "I played non-stop," he beams, sitting cross-legged in the front room of his Camberwell flat. "I did six or seven sets on the *NME* stage and played for about two days non-stop in the Green Field."

"The first night was hard – I had to play on a bicycle-powered generator in the Green Field (Glasto's wind-powered eco-friendly field). Everyone wanted to lie down and listen to ambient music, so we had to find a couple of E-monsters to pedal the generator!"

Last year, the ambient scene that Morris heads was still taking its first steps outside the warm safety of the underground. Since then we've had a Top Five hit album from Aphex Twin, not to mention Fax mania, and big selling records from Biosphere, Sun Electric, Autechre and many more. Giant steps indeed.

"It's hard to think that a year ago hardly anyone had heard a Namlook record in the UK," Morris says. "That was the first time anyone heard 'Silence' and very good it sounded too. It'll be interesting to see how many more people are into that stuff this year."

But while the rest of the site goes dance bonkers, the official bill is as lacking in techno and ambient delights as it ever was.

"I think it's a shame that they have such rampant technophobia," Morris reckons. "You've got 100,000 people off their heads running around a field; I think they should have somewhere to go and listen to dance music if they insist on it. Orbital are the token techno act; I think the industry is against it, because Glastonbury's such a nice little earner for bands and they wouldn't want to see it disrupted."

It's a loss made worse by the growing list of abortive dance events, from Experience to Greenham Common and Virtual World.

"If anyone could have pulled off a dance event on a beach with some half-way decent techno music this summer they could have had tens of thousands of people enjoying themselves, but so far every major event this summer has been stamped out, whereas in the rest of the world everyone's having massive parties."

While Morris agrees that disorganisation and dodgy dealing may have played a part, he's highly suspicious of other, more industry-led pressures to "stamp on" such events. "It's just proof that we live in one of the most repressed, uptight and miserable f—ing countries in the Western Hemisphere. There's certainly been a conspicuous failure of dance festivals this year; basically, if it's not part of the major rock industry then it ain't happening this summer."

But haven't the sound system clampdown and traveller ban destroyed the Glasto magic?

"You still can't beat playing outdoors to an enlightened, illuminated audience with the sun coming up and special effects by God! At Glastonbury you get three or four beautiful dawns to play through and whatever kind of old hippy record you play, whoever made it will miraculously appear!"

Traditionally, mass outdoor events like Stonehenge, Glastonbury and the free festivals have been instrumental in shaping cultural resistance, from the Peace Convoy to the No M-11 campaign. Glasto's unique updated hippy vibe is something very much in tune with Morris' own Zippy beliefs, somewhere where people come in contact with "the germs of 30 years of British hippy culture" as Morris puts it.

Combining loosely hippy ideals with new technology, the Zippies aim to create a new society by harnessing rather than ignoring computer culture. Morris, by no means a bedroom boffin, admits to 'mouse potato' tendencies since he linked up with the Internet, a decentralised new computer system that links Apple Mac computers worldwide at minimal cost. He can already get his hands on reams of information on the 'net' by the likes of Black Dog, Brian Eno and The Orb. As well as finding the price, quality and availability of any drug in every US state.

"There's something very hippy about the whole Apple Mac computer thing. It's probably down to the fact that so many acid heads worked there. That used to be the first question they asked you when you went for a job at Apple: 'When did you start taking LSD?' (*Are you sure? – Ed*) Not like IBM, who always had the suits working there."

He also finds the prospect of by-passing record companies by sending music over the net appealing – not least because he's currently in dispute with Rising High Records over the next Irresistible Force LP. If he manages to leave the label there'll be live shows as well as the usual hectic DJ schedule.

In the meantime, it's back to technology-free festival toilets and the dirty magic of Glasto. So watch out for those holographic trousers, the party could be in your tent next.

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The glasses menagerie: L7 (l-r): Jennifer, Suzi, Donita and Dee

THEY STINK IT'S ALL ODOUR...

● So what do you do when you're in L7, the top all-female rawk band in the world, you've toured forever and you're knackered? You retire to bed and take a shitload of drugs before having a breakdown. SIMON WILLIAMS lends them a shoulder to cry on. L plates: DEREK RIDGERS

They had to do it. Unwittingly or not, L7 have written a song about LA. It's a chugging, churning, riff-laden rant called 'Freak Magnet' which howls about "*Liars and losers*", and shrieks with rage about living in a "*Jerk-off hell!*". And it's not hard to understand why L7 get freaked.

Hunter S Thompson once observed that Las Vegas "is not a good town for psychedelic drugs. Reality itself is too twisted." Los Angeles is little better. In the summer haze, locals pass by thousands of personality-free World Cup soccer hoardings, blissfully unaware of the momentous sporting occasion about to land in their city, let alone their country. Such is the proliferation of piercings, bodily markings and general cool dudes on the boulevards that the term 'alternative' is rendered almost obsolete: even Alexei Lalas, a US footballer, is featured in *LA Weekly* proudly showing off his tattoo in a fashion spread.

Equally, while time may heal all wounds it can do bugger all about the gnarled nostalgia that enables ye olde dinosaurs to continue to eke out a Zimmerframe-fumbling living in the city: Crosby, Stills & Nash, Jefferson Starship, Steppenwolf, Traffic and Blue Oyster Bleeding Cult are all lined up to play shows. And – even more disturbingly – we've just found their optimum market.

In a Mexican restaurant, sheltering from the blazing midday sun, a group of casual bearded types are reminiscing about 'the good old days', when you could see Kiss supporting Styx and not die laughing. Also in this cosy little party is a South African woman. Eventually, the conversation turns, focusing on her home life and the political trauma she's endured. Sympathy is generously dished out, so much so that one of the guys makes the ultimate attempt to, like, touch base. "Tell me," he says, oozing sincerity, "Do you think that Nelson Mandela will be President?"

"He is," comes the South African's quiet reply. "He won the election three weeks ago."

Help.

IT WOULD be comforting to report that L7 themselves, as experienced inhabitants, would be able to soothe our sweating, furrowed brows. It would be equally calming to say that since the *NME* last spoke to the band, when they were on tour with Faith No More in 1992, this seemingly fun-loving foursome had been living up to their rampaging reputation whilst also chilling out, catching a few Californian rays and knuckling down to the task of creating a new album; something to capitalise on the groundwork laid by 'Bricks Are Heavy' and catapult L7 out of the cred underground.

Certainly, when we meet up at Slash Records HQ all seems fine. Bassist Jennifer Finch is contemplating another change of hair colour for a photo shoot. Drummer Dee Plakas is asking how big Beck is back in England. Enormous, we reply – much nicer than most bottled lagers. Guitarist Donita Sparkes is relieved to have all faculties intact after an alarming experience with a mad poodle at yesterday's video shoot. And fellow axe worrier Suzi Gardner is showing off her new homemade teddy bear. Sort of.

"The ears are a bit big, aren't they?" she frowns, waving her creation around like a rag, umm, bear. "It's f—ed-up, right?" she sighs.

The mood is calm and comfortable, as befits a band with a third album, 'Hungry For Stink', under their belts, a communal cameo role in John Waters' new flick (*Serial Mom*) in the can, and appearances at Glastonbury and Lollapalooza lined up. Yup, the sun is up, the sky is blue, it's beautiful and... Oooops! It's all about to go horribly pear-shaped.

Historians would note the first warning sign flashing blood red when, before the interview has barely got off the ground, Jennifer chews over an innocuous enough question and responds slowly and very carefully: "I think that a lot of our experiences post-tour were very... inspirational for expression. But at the same time I'd almost find it pretentious right now to analyse what just happened. It's all too close. *Way* too close."

"When we finished that last tour, I turned into Brian Wilson. I stayed in bed and got heavily medicated for a long period of time. Then I got screwed up." – Donita

And any sane sort would surely twig the second warning sign by the way in which Suzi and Jennifer fidget, fret, change the subject ("Where did you get that scar, Simon?" is a beauty) and occasionally blurt out such treats as "Oh man, you can't ask that! It's too f—ing personal!" and "STOP LOOKING AT ME!"

Sadly, historians and sane sorts rarely suffer from a fuzzy combination of jetlag and sunstroke. We're in a bar situated next to what was once the Warner Bros studios where your Marilyn Monroes and James Deans once hung out (as the bar's decorations are so eager to prove), and while Dee and Donita will later form a mildly hysterical double act for the tape recorder, their colleagues are currently reluctant to spill their drinks, let alone the whole tin of beans.

So what's the story? L7 spent the vast majority of '92 on the road, culminating in the aforementioned Faith No More jaunt which, according to Dee, "Got pretty painful".

They went home for Christmas, relaxed, zipped off for "a blast" with Nirvana in Brazil and visited Japan in March. And then... "Basically, everything fell apart," says Jennifer, flatly. "Everyone went insane and we wrote another record during that insanity."

Here's where the mutterings start. About therapy, about drugs, about "being sick of each other, which is natural – we were on the f—ing road so much". About trying to reclaim a place in the real world. About literally *forcing* themselves to work on 'Hungry For Stink'. More than anything else, 1993 seems to have been a time for discipline – writers' blocks, freak outs, addictions or not.

"We didn't wanna be the kind of band that takes three years between each record," says Jennifer, defiantly. "As my

therapist explained it to me – ha ha ha! – when you're a musician or an artist or anyone who works really hard and then doesn't for a certain period of time, you experience this thing where your body's at this manic stress level and when you stop working you just naturally have this emotional and physical drop. Then your metabolism comes back up and you even out again."

It's interesting to note the way in which Jennifer says the words "musician or artist". There's a grating tone to the phrase, as if she's forcing herself onwards, convincing herself that while the human side of you wants to do arse all, "as an artist" you want to keep producing.

"That's why I'm a musician and not a bank teller," she insists. "I wanna keep that creative cycle going."

Whatever, it doesn't take a degree in psychoanalytical aerobics to suss that 'Hungry For Stink' is not a happy record. True, on the musical front L7 have retained that muscular, chugga chugga edge that easily keeps them pinned down as some Status Quatro hybrid. But beneath the rawkin' exterior there's a sense of vulnerability, an air of utter frustration that runs through much of the record.

"*I can't remember the summer, it's all a blur*," they mourn in 'Baggage'; "*I'm scared every f—ing day*," they gripe in 'Can I Run'; "*I'm convinced that life's a curse*," they twitch in 'Stuck Here Again'. We could go on. And on. But the point is that songwriting is a cathartic occupation; it surely cleans the soul and clears the mind and thus enables the writer to deal with those particular problems head on.

Later Donita admits, "I would hate not to have that kind of release. Jesus Christ, that would be really bad!" And sure, Jennifer agrees that "the lyrical content on this record is often very intense". Yet, cathartic or not, the *raison d'être* behind 'Hungry For Stink' is destined to remain a mystery for now. And, counting up the monosyllabic answers and irritable pauses, that's exactly how Suzi and Jennifer want it. "Only our therapists know for sure," they shrug. "Just up the Prozac..."

Do you ever still shock each other?

"The answer is no," decides Jennifer, firmly. "We're all adults and we've all seen so much in our lifetimes so we're prepared for most things. This band's been through a lot, so if we had a meeting and someone said 'I'm really unhappy, I don't want to be in this band anymore', it wouldn't be a shock – we would have seen it coming."

"See, we have this way of supporting each other," helps Suzi, who – oddly enough – sounds uncannily like Joni Mitchell tripping out in 'Little Fluffy Clouds'. "If one person gets in a bad way emotionally or whatever situation you can think of, we'll work through it with each other. There was a time when I said, 'I'm too emotional, I'm holding you guys back, I think I should quit'. And Donita said, 'Well, are you gonna be satisfied playing talent shows on Monday night?' And that was a serious dose of reality – I changed my mind in about two seconds."

OF COURSE, it's not all bleak, bleak, bleak. The twosome enthuse about the noodling irony of a song like 'Riding With A Movie Star', and positively froth about 'Shirley', which in a logical world will one day follow new 45 'Andres' into the singles racks. Written to "commemorate the career of a woman who was in a completely different line of work than we were, but who was treated almost identically", 'Shirley' focuses on the life (and film) of one Ms Muldowney, who took the drag racing goons on at their own game in the early '60s. So much so that, 30 years on, Shirley is still racing and has already given L7 her seal of approval.

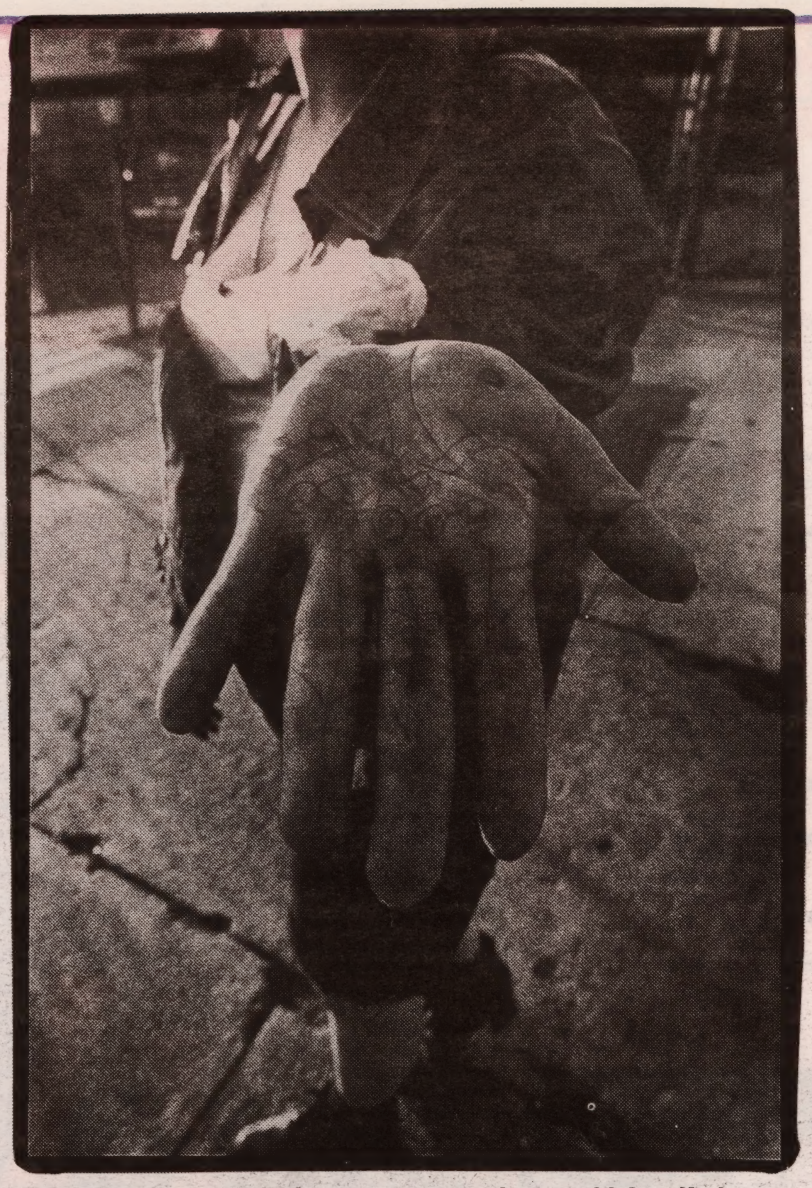
"There's a clip in the film where this reporter guy asks 'What's a beautiful girl like you doing racing in a place like this?' and Shirley says 'Winning'," beams Jennifer. "And sometimes I feel like we're always in the same sort of situation, but instead of saying, 'Get a f—ing life!' you always sidestep the situation so that you come out of it as being funny and not just a brutal battleaxe. It's a matter of being respected for what you do and not being victim to cute little packages."

Ah yes. Dotted around Los Angeles are huge hoardings promoting some swarthy geezer's chat show. The selling point is "CANNIBALISTIC SURF NAZI HOUSEWIVES ARE COMING TO LA!!!" in six foot high letters. Hmmm, fits L7, right? Just like foxcore, grunge, riot grrrl and any other 'cute little package' dumped on the band since the world realised L7 weren't the new Bangles.

"I think that things we do are blown out of proportion because of who we are and the scene that we're from," frowns Jennifer. "It's new to people and it's exceptional. Like, no matter how rebellious Mick Jagger could possibly be in his lifetime of shooting heroin in films and f—ing beautiful groupies, he could never have thought of pulling a tampon out and throwing it into the audience. And the press – especially in Britain – eats it up. For us, tampon slinging is just a funny little event that happens once in a while. It's just another reaction, like you can spit, swear, yell, laugh... it's something to do. It's just a new twist on the same old shit."

Suzi mutters about "off days", about being "burnt out", about photo sessions where "Like, OK, this is pretty boring and it's not like we're getting paid a million dollars like a model would, and it isn't in Fiji and WHY DO THEY ALWAYS PUT US BY A DUMPSTER!? F—!!"

Jennifer talks about setting up an L7 fanclub, and more Rock For Choice benefit gigs, and kinda keeping it together. And both of them insist that they're still grateful for everything, that they don't want to be "difficult" or "cry babies" and that 1994, more than anything else, has simply got to be a good crack. As a determined Suzi announces, "We wanna really put FUN high up on the priority list."



Palmed and extremely dangerous: now what would Jennifer's therapist make of this?

UNSURPRISINGLY, DEE and Donita are thinking along the same lines. As befits two people are who don't simply laugh, but actually *cackle* as they glance back nervously at the events of the last 18 months.

"When we finished that last tour, I turned into Brian Wilson," says Donita, matter-of-factly. "I stayed in bed and got heavily medicated for a long period of time. Then I got screwed up."

"I left the answer machine on," informs Dee. "I didn't wanna see anybody except my husband. I was a total recluse, I hardly went out. And we did a lot of drugs."

"Not all of us," argues Donita.

"No, just me and you, HA HA HA! Those two are the clean ones, we're the dirty ones, HA HA HA!"

Note that the duo's cackling is hysterical, nay totally over the top. When Donita groans "Oh God, I *never* want to be there again!" you realise that, just as Suzi and Jennifer have their way of evading questions, their two partners are snappy and outgoing, desperately wanting to avoid the particular avenue they ended up wandering along.

"It's like, you finish this horrible tour," explains Dee, "and you have a little money – not much – and you think, OK, you wanna chill, and then you wanna get a bit numb, and then all of a sudden you realise... you know? HA HA HA!"

"Oh, JEE-SUS! It was ugly!" howls Donita. "In the end, the others were just glad that I was coming out with some songs instead of being in bed! Like, we'd set ourselves these deadlines for the album and I realised, OK, I could blow everything I've worked for over the past eight years as far as this band is concerned, and it's OK, just get it together, get some therapy."

So Donita had some "awesome" talks with friends perplexed as to why this normally outgoing character was turning into Howard Hughes. And one half of L7 decided to swiftly jump off the rocket ship to Oblivion before it was too late, choosing instead to "bust ass" and regain some sort of focus on normality while they still had the chance.

Have you learnt any lessons, Dee?

"Ha ha ha! I don't think so – that's the scary part."

But you don't want to go back, right?

"Yeah," begins the drummer, slowly. "But there's no insurance that you won't. I can say that I never want to be there again, but I can't promise that I never will. Right now I'm enjoying all the activity and creativity that's going on, and when I think back to certain things I just think, 'Oh, God!'.

"To quote my mother, keep things in moderation. But sometimes that's really difficult when you like something so much. When you're busy you don't think about that escape, but when you're really miserable and you're in Stuttgart and you don't even wanna get off the tour bus..."

"The whole thing on tour was 'Two months and we're home, two months and we're home'," shudders Donita. "Then you get home and it's like, now what to we do? Then there's just this slip into darkness and f—ed-up shit."

"You don't plan on slipping into that darkness," adds Dee. "It's just sometimes easier to take that little detour."

It's a thin line between detour and detox, really.

"Wooaaah!" they instantly chorus. "Let's not get too graphic here!"

IT'S ALL rather unsettling, this back-from-the-edge determination. Grand stuff, but unnerving. Hell, it's not too often that you can actually hear the sound of teeth being gritted. But as Jennifer had momentarily joked earlier, "We've really seen it all – we've been watching each other go through different stages for seven years. Just wait 'til my book comes out: *The Grunge Years* by Jennifer Finch. I'm gonna write foxcore out of history!"

So things take a turn for the worse when L7 talk about their old labelmate Kurt's death and Dee is on the verge of crying. And then it picks up when Donita again thinks of the friends who have helped her, like Page from Helmet, who said: "Donita, don't let anybody sell you short. L7 is one of a kind – there is no-one on the planet like you and you just have to remember that."

And then, one by one L7, the freak magnets extraordinaire apologise, split from the bar, climb into their scuffed-up motors and head off into the Los Angeles night.

There's just one thing left. Flashback to the close of Suzi and Jennifer's interview, when the waitress brings over the bill and a plate of fortune cookies. Suzi cracks hers open with all the enthusiasm and gusto of someone fully expecting the worst. And... Hey! Waddyaknow?

"It says 'Find release from your cares'," says the guitarist, clutching the small strip of paper, "and 'Have a good time'..."

Quite. Lil-let's rock.

"No matter how rebellious Mick Jagger could possibly be, he could never have thought of pulling a tampon out and throwing it into the audience." – Jennifer

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● PAUL HARTNOLL from ORBITAL outlines those who send him loopy in both good and bad ways in our irregular series...

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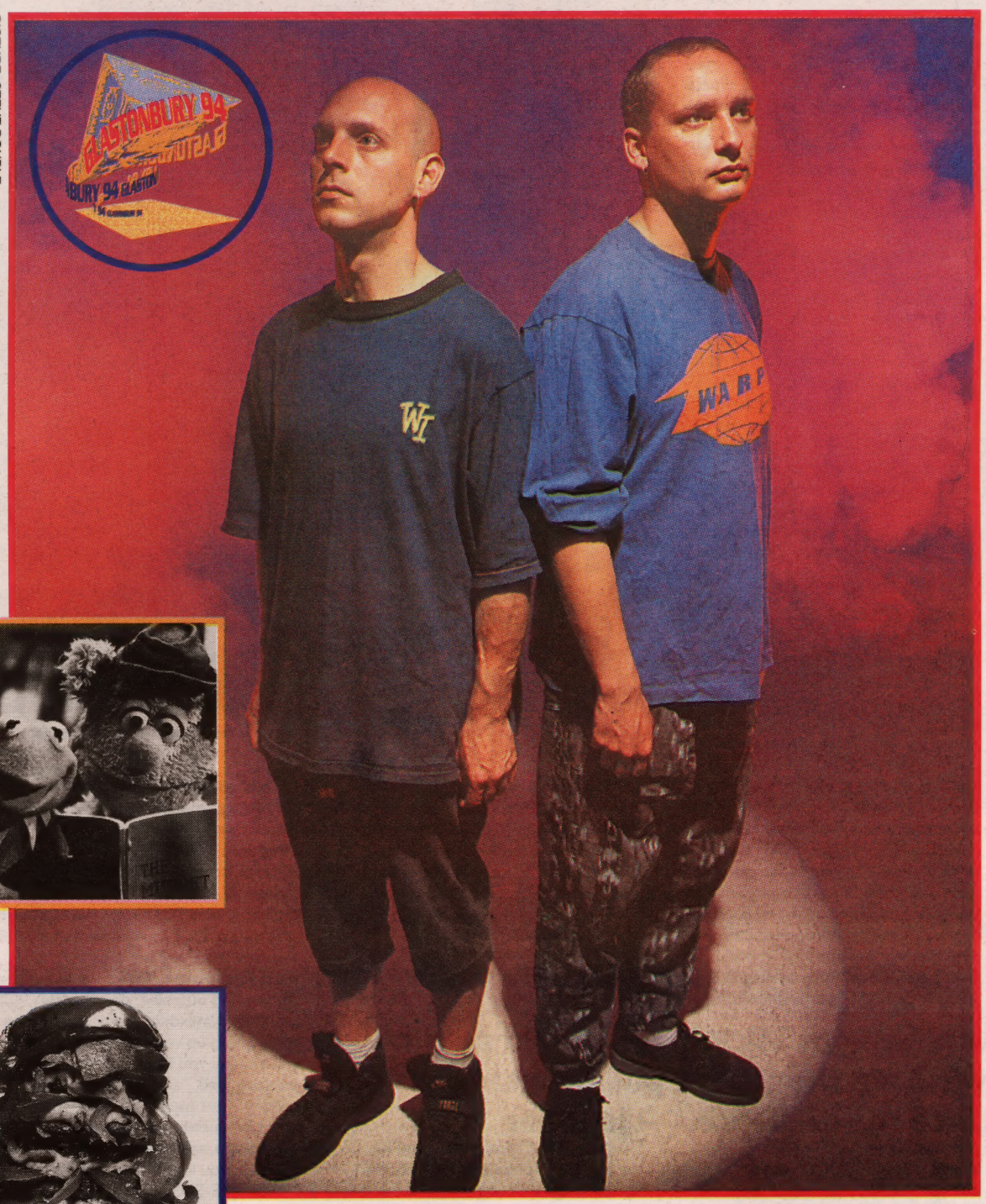


PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Paul (right): Muppets, top of the puppets; burgers are buggers

HEROES

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SEA SHEPHERD

I DON'T know his name but he's the captain of this pirate ship who just decided to paint his ship black, reinforce the front of it with concrete, stick two sharpened red girders out of the side and go around mucking up gill net fishers and whalers. But he refuses to harm a living soul. He gets the fishermen on the radio and tells them he doesn't want them around there and when they tell him to knob off he hacks their nets up. They went into a Norwegian harbour one night, sent two frogmen overboard and sunk two Norwegian whaling boats. Absolutely incredible! So good to see someone taking direct action for a change.

DENIS POTTER

HE WAS so bloody enthusiatic right up to the last minute, which was brilliant when you think of all the whingeing people around at the moment. With all the things that were wrong with the poor man he carried on writing until the end. Although I suppose if you were dying you might just carry on doing what you enjoy the most. People always say they'd go around the world but I think you'd want to spend the time with your friends doing what you like.

JIM HENSON

THE MUPPET Show, *Sesame Street*, all the movies... Henson was simply a bit of a hero. He was certainly a good teacher for children, I used to watch his stuff all the time – still do sometimes. I guess my favourite muppet is Big Bird, although you can't really have favourites because they're all excellent. You can't really fault Kermit for example, because he's such a sweetie. Henson treated children as adults, as equals, which is rare.

VILLAINS

FAST FOOD BURGER CHAINS

I HATE them for no other reason than they sell horrible food at excruciatingly inflated prices. That's bad enough without all the advertising you get which totally rips people off. I don't like corporate food chains because I think it's unhealthy. Look at all the people who work in burger bars, none of them actually own any part of the shop, none of them benefit from selling that crap.

I think life's better when there are loads of little shops all over the place owned by the people who work in them. It's more satisfying to work somewhere where you know where the money is going rather than in the pocket of some fat c— on the other side of the world. I'm a staunch hater of factory farming, the treatment cattle and chickens get is shocking. Some sell veggie burgers now but it would take more than that to get me inside a burger bar. It'd take more than a veggie burger to get them off the hook.

MRS THATCHER and JOHN MAJOR

I THINK they both deserve to be kicked up the arse. John Major has been winding me up recently with his stance on squatters and homeless people. It seems so stupid and illogical. I can't believe he's even considering waging war on the homeless, unless waging war on them means giving them some houses. It's so petty and easy for him just to pick on the weakest in society. Nice one, John.

I hate Margret Thatcher simply for being Margret Thatcher. I don't think you need another reason for hating the twisted old cow, she made everyone's life such a misery. Having said that, I don't really like any politcians – I think they're all a bunch of turds really. They all behave like children in a playground, but I do think you need a change. It's very unhealthy that people like me were in primary school when Thatcher came in and I've never really known anything else.

FRED WEST

WHAT A monster! I saw his picture for the first time the other day and he just looks like some weird animal. When you know what he's done, as well... it all hit home when I saw that picture of him and his horrible, grinning face. Mass murder's not on, is it really? (*Er no – Ed*)

CRIMINAL JUSTICE BILL

THAT'S JUST completely and utterly ridiculous. This is supposed to be a free country etc, but whoops, it's obviously not. Governments don't like or want people to be in solidarity with each other, they like communities to be broken down. They don't like community spirit because that fights back. Parties with 2,000 people getting on is a bit scary for a government.

People working their way out of the housing problem by buying a caravan and doing it up isn't on because it shows unwanted initiative. Free thought? Can't have that. Not paying rent? Living on a bit of common land? Can't be having that. What do they think common land is? What do travellers who've been travellers for ten years do? They can't just stop, they have no choice. You can arrest them and put them in prison for two years but what happens then? It's the way they live. Whether they like it or they're forced to do it, they haven't got a choice.

And I'm fed up with going to parties and having the police break it up just because they don't like it. There's so much crime going on but you've got 50 policemen stopping a party? Come on! The other aspect that really scares me is that they're allowed to stop you if there's four or five of you in a car and they think you're heading in the general direction of a party and tell you to go home. That applies to anybody at any time. What about these counties that've banned new age travellers? Who's a new age traveller? Is my brother a new age traveller because he's got dreadlocks and sits in a camper van? Idiots...

THE DIET INDUSTRY

IT'S A complete load of bollocks. Things like those slimming milkshakes. What a load of rubbish! Spend a load of money on a sweet sickly milkshake... you're bound to lose weight if all you eat is a milkshake twice a day. And as soon as stop drinking them you put all the weight back on again. The only way to lose weight is to eat healthily and properly and don't over indulge.

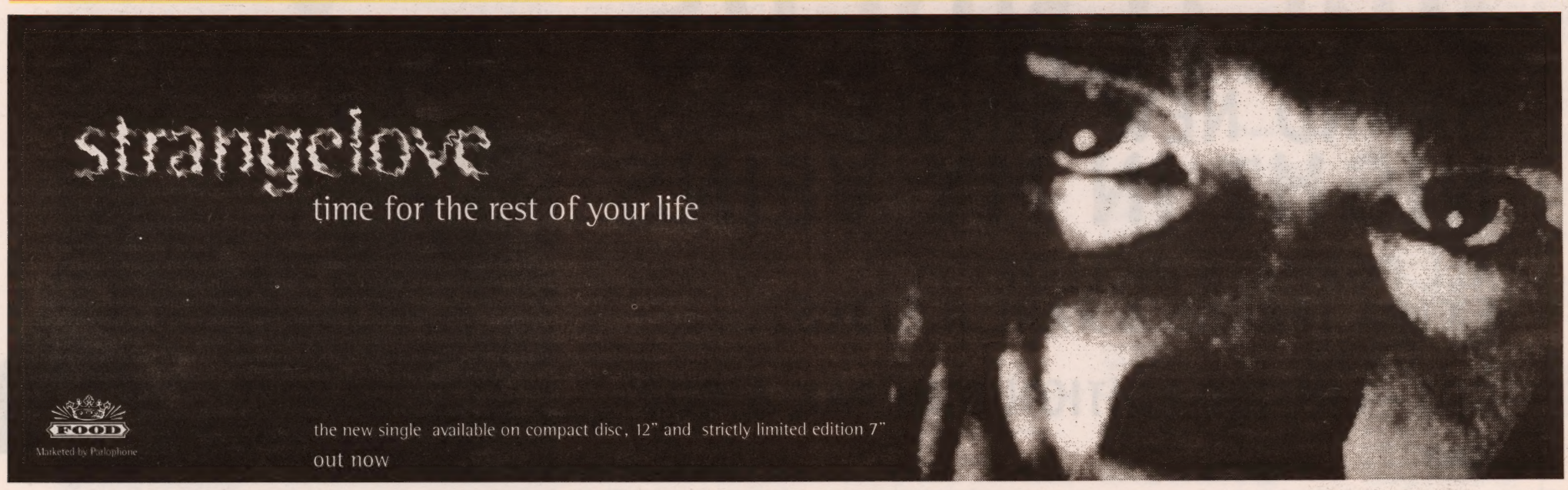
I wanted to lose some weight three months ago and I went to look at some books and got completely confused until I found this book *You Don't Have To Diet* which just went into one about the diet industry. It's completely destroying people's lives. I could be wrong but before the diet industry I don't think things like bulimia existed.

I lost a stone just through eating healthily over a period of a couple of months and I haven't put it back on and I'm still eating heathily. So don't trust the diet industry, you don't need it.

JUDY AND RICHARD

IT'S A bit unfair but I just think they're bloody annoying. They've got a very patronising attitude and they always skim the surface and change the subject if it gets a bit sticky for them. And they always finish off other people's sentences which is really annoying. They should stop doing that before someone smacks *(Them? – Ed)*.

● *Paul Hartnoll was circulating with Ted Kessler*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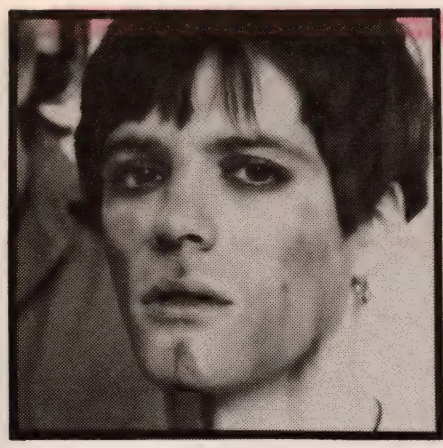
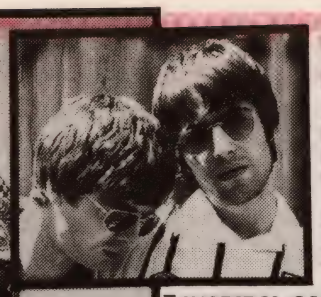


RICHEY – MANIC STREET PREACHERS

BEST
1 Arriving.
2 Playing.
3 Leaving.
WORST
1 People.
2 Bands.
3 Press.
PS: None of the band have ever been to Glastonbury and none of us ever would, if we weren't getting paid to be there.

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Trans-Global model their new range of Glastowear



OASIS

BEST
1 All the usual – sex and drugs and rock'n'roll.
WORST
1 Paying.
2 Smelly hippies.
3 Inspiral Carpets.

PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS

INSPIRAL CARPETS

BEST
1 The weather.
2 The naked field.
3 The Spiral Tribe party of 1991.
WORST
1 The toilets.
2 The police.
3 The organisers stopping you partying after 12pm.

DUB SYNDICATE

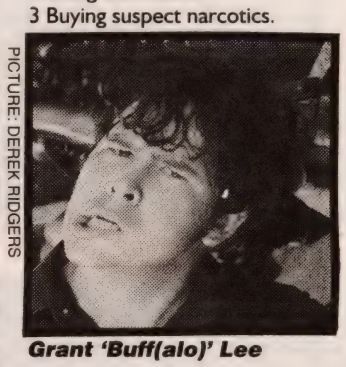
BEST
1 Eating, shopping and chillin'.
WORST
2 Mud, police, and more mud.

MARTIN CARR – THE BOO RADLEYS

BEST	WORST
1 Get drugs.	1 Getting drugs
2 Get drunk.	2 Getting drunk
3 Get muddy.	3 Getting muddy

THE SPIN DOCTORS

BEST
1 Making a detour to visit Stonehenge.
2 Bringing your own pot.
3 Visiting the pipe stalls.
WORST
1 Eating suspect food (Chris is a vegetarian, and will have his own food, like healthy popcorn, carrot juice, etc).
2 Using the toilets.
3 Buying suspect narcotics.

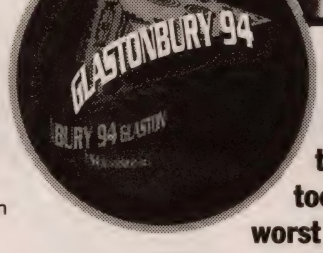


PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

Grant 'Buff(alo)' Lee

GRANT LEE BUFFALO

BEST
1 For the post-modernist, this can be an excellent time to deconstruct your weinie.
2 Tell people that you are Donovan and that you are "pleased as punch with the way things turned out".
3 Paint faces on your knees, give 'em names, create a dialog, let them spend some time together.
WORST
1 It's not a great place to start your stamp collection, as valuable stamps could be mistaken for blotter.
2 Avoid dangerous combinations. For instance, indulging in vegetable curry just before embarking in virtual reality flight simulation would seem to be a dangerous combination.
3 This one is universal: *don't eat yellow snow.*



● It's not all nice things like drinking, falling over and snogging at Glastonbury. Nasty things like rancid, urine-sodden, mud-caked food and poor quality jugglers enter the lives of the (not so) rich and (moderately) famous, too. Here, a few of them tell ANGELA LEWIS their best and worst Glasto experiences.

CANVAS OPINIONS

JAMES

BEST
1 Friday night.
2 Saturday night.
3 Sunday night.
WORST
1 Saturday morning.
2 Sunday morning.
3 Monday morning.

LOOP GURU

BEST
1 100,000 people getting together to party with the intoxicant of their choice, with the music of their choice, with the vibe of their choice at an ancient site of great spirituality. Party on!
2 The chance for Loop Guru to play two different sets on the same day on different stages (on the Jazz World stage and on the Club stage) with different musicians under different influences, still without a rehearsal. It'll be interesting to see if the right people turn up at the right time at the right stage and play the right songs.
3 The groovy colours, man.
WORST
1 The painful reminder that festivals like this are soon to become a thing of the past when the Criminal Justice Bill gets through.

Already the police are clamping down on festivals, the Fordham Park Festival is likely not to happen this year because of the police, despite Millwall 'happening' every week just around the corner. Maybe EVERYBODY at Glastonbury should be asked to sign a petition. Party on!
2 The price. You could feed yourself for a month at Rita's Samosa house in Southall for half the price.
3 The lack of representation of the new dance music.

IAN McNABB

BEST
1 Hanging out with people more famous than yourself.
2 Loads of drugs
3 Pretending to be Pete Townshend at Woodstock for an hour.
WORST
1 The mass assembled dregs of society – most of whom are in front of you in the queue for the bogs.
2 Being off yer bonce in daylight.
3 Crap ale and no ice.

SENSER

BEST
1 Loads of good bands playing – Tool and the Beastie Boys, for example.
2 Loads of people f—ing!
3 Nice noodles.
WORST
1 The ticket price is too much.
2 It has basically replaced something that was virtually a free festival.
3 Too many stoned people!

TRANS-GLOBAL UNDERGROUND

BEST
1 Stealing a juggler's balls.
2 A lick o' leaf.
3 The tiny tea tent.
WORST
1 Going for a crap on a chemical toilet while tripping.
2 Pitching your tent next to the 24-hour Hare Krishna tent.
3 Waking up with a painted face, wondering where, when and how...

LUSCIOUS JACKSON

BEST
1 Being able to enjoy the magnificent view of the Mediterranean.
2 Taking advantage of the discount luggage.
3 Eating large quantities of gourmet Japanese food.
WORST
1 Avoid the green acid.
2 Beware of clinical toilets.
3 Avoid counting your chickens before they cross the road.

PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT

TINY MONROE

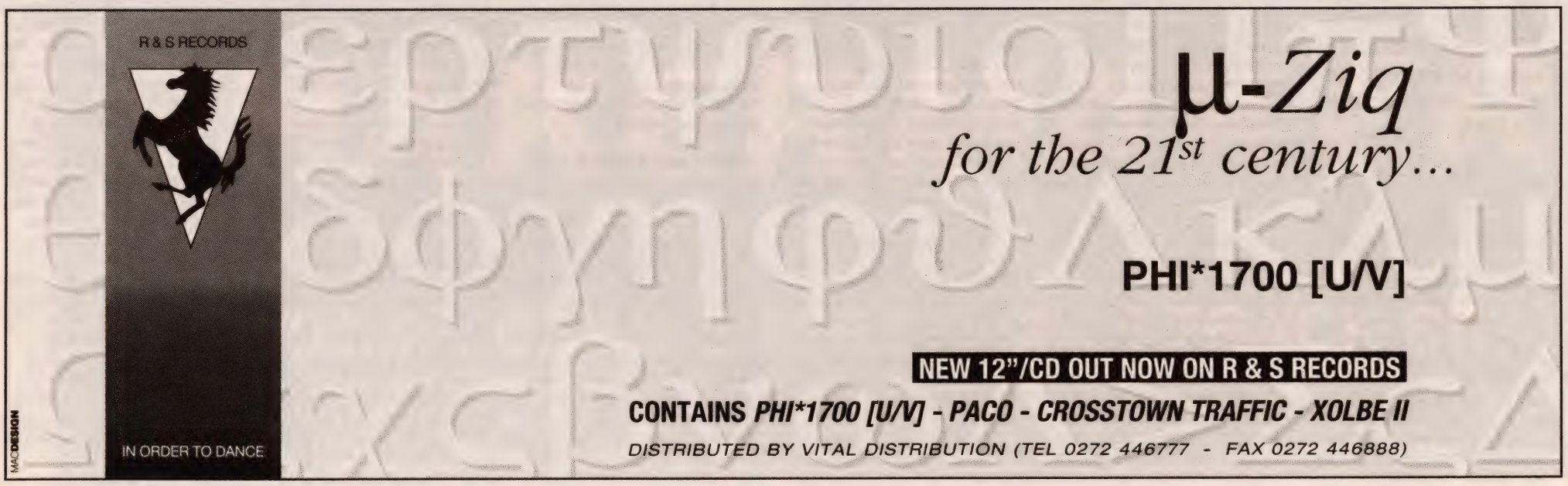
BEST
1 Taking a camera to record your friends' various embarrassing over-indulgencies. Could come in useful for blackmail later on!
2 Retaining your own sartorial elegance, whilst all around you are losing theirs. We recommend the portable Corby Trouser Press, which is always useful in a tight corner, besides keeping one's suits immaculate.
3 Remember to actually see the groups you came to see, plus some of the ones you didn't, rather than spend the whole weekend off your head in the story-telling tent!
WORST
1 Avoid taking an acoustic guitar, or you'll end up playing Neil Young/Lemonheads songs around a camp fire, to everyone's later embarrassment
2 Avoid anyone wearing leather hats with corks hanging off them, tie-dyed T-shirts or, even worse, nothing at all whilst rolling around in the mud. They will be unremittingly sad accountant types from the home counties having their one weekend off slumming it in the fields.
3 Avoid allowing anyone near you with a camera when you've over indulged as, after all, that's what festivals are for, as the photos are sure to turn up at the most inconvenient and inappropriate moment!

MADDER ROSE

BEST
1 Festivals are good because there's usually more than five people there.
2 The chaos.
3 The hippy love vibe – it's freaky, man.

CARLEEN ANDERSON

BEST
1 When things get too crazy, walk up to the Green Field and indulge in hippydom for an hour. Chill out territory.
2 Take as many provisions as possible – warm clothes and loo roll especially.
3 Buy or blag a programme. Otherwise you're likely to miss all the bands you wanted to see – and see all those you didn't.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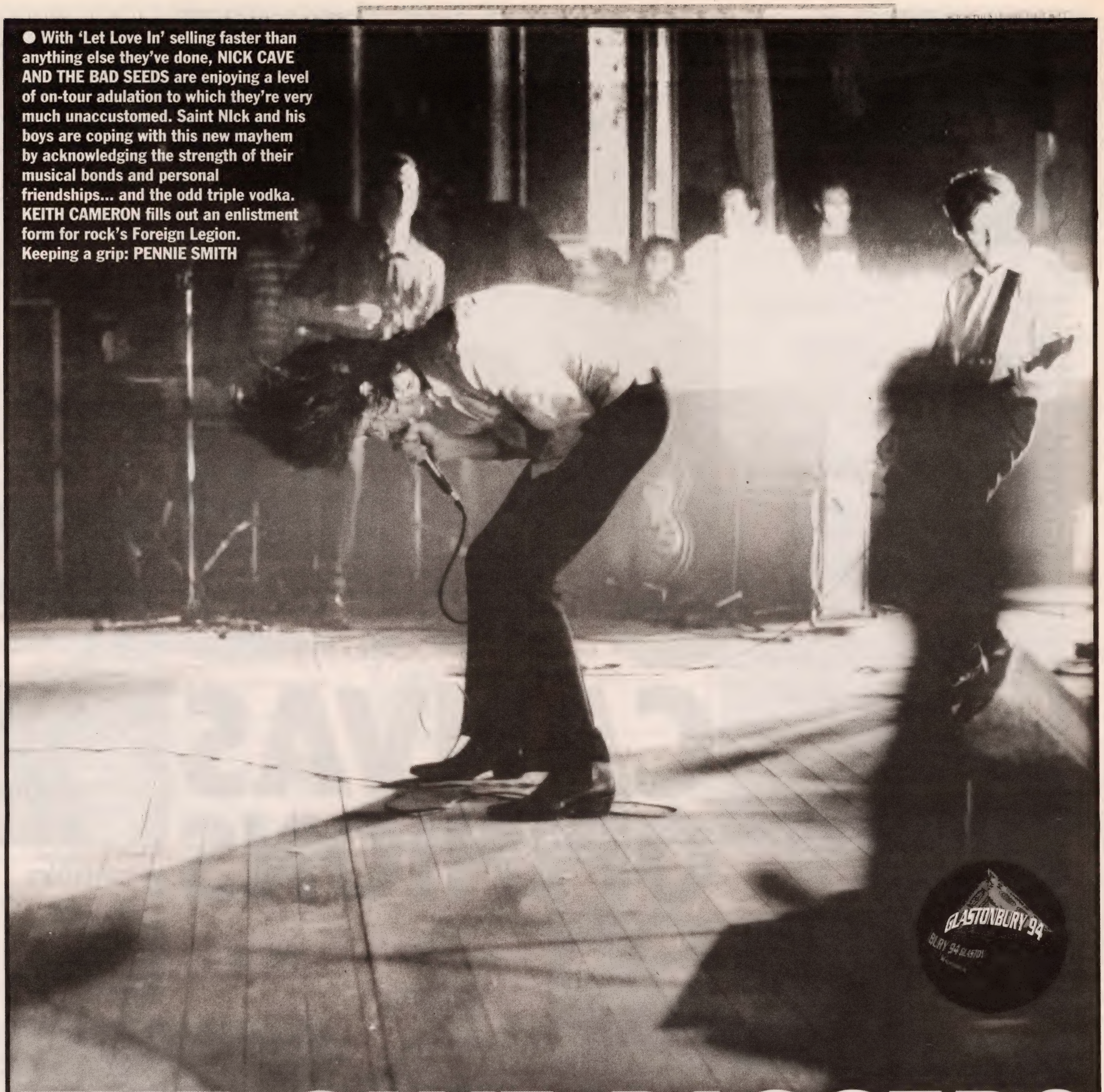
● With 'Let Love In' selling faster than anything else they've done, **NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS** are enjoying a level of on-tour adulation to which they're very much unaccustomed. Saint Nick and his boys are coping with this new mayhem by acknowledging the strength of their musical bonds and personal friendships... and the odd triple vodka. **KEITH CAMERON** fills out an enlistment form for rock's Foreign Legion. Keeping a grip: **PENNIE SMITH**



THE CAVE-DIGGERS

It is some time after midnight when Nick Cave strides up to the bar at the Lisbon Sheraton. This must be him, he thinks. Go for it.

"Say, are you the guy from the *NME*?"

"No," responds Bloke At The Bar. "I'm in your crew. And I've worked for you for the past five years."

Nick Cave didn't get where he is today without recognising the signs that enough is enough for one night and they don't come much more emphatically neon lit than this. Yet 12 hours later, as he admits his unfortunate *faux pas*, the incident has already passed through the rationalisation process that bands must develop and hone to brass-necked perfection if they are to survive the demands of the The Road.

Although this process doesn't have a name, experts liken it to a neurological large intestine. The unpleasant extremities of emotion that in ordinary circumstances might plague the conscience for inconveniently lengthy periods are neutralised and gradually broken down until they are rendered inert and ready to be jettisoned from the system; akin to, if you will, a psychic turd.

In the case of Mr Cave we see the process reach its conclusion in the form of a combined shrug and grimace that seems to say: hell, I was tired, confused, pissed – these things are going to happen.

The Road is a dangerous place. Countless minds have been lost along its chemical-stained verges, while its gruelling contours have broken many a fragile young body that once stood strong and proud. Nick Cave, however, has always been up for a scrap with the old dog. Whether way back then with The Birthday Party or right this very moment with The Bad Seeds, Cave has approached the road test with the health-threatening commitment of a prize fighter. It's a stern code – play every show like it could be your last – and one which any band, no matter how strong their resolve, will struggle to satisfy on a regular basis.

But The Bad Seeds are no ordinary band. To all intents and purposes, they are the Foreign Legion of rock, offering refuge to a disparate group of men with "pasts", asking no questions but providing these singular talents the opportunity to joust with personal demons night after night.

The pedigree is enormous. Moreover, that these guys have all been around the block at least once before lends their cause an added nobility. Some members have come and gone but the ethos remains intact, and with 'Let Love In' selling markedly better than any previous Bad Seeds album, Cave & Co are having to come to terms with the facts of their success.

"WE'RE EXTREMELY close. We delight in each others' company." Nick Cave sits in solemn contemplation of his band amidst scenes of mayhem caused by his mere presence in this Lisbon bar. It is 2am, a couple of hours since The Bad Seeds reduced the audience at the 4,500-capacity Coliseu to virtual hysteria, of which the mass stage invasion during 'Deanna' was only the most obvious manifestation.

That afternoon, sat by the hotel pool, Cave had remarked that "Portugal's nice but it's not exactly Brazil". In which case heaven alone knows what scenes of chaos will follow The Bad Seeds next time they play their leader's occasional home country.

Despite the fervour, Nick is despondent about tonight's show. If anything, he found the crowd's reaction embarrassing.

"It must be difficult to be a really big group and maintain some integrity about what you do, because you're forced to soften everything, it all ends up like a lot of bombastic rubbish."

He sighs. We have, he suggests, arrived during one of the lulls that inevitably affects all tours. The highs for this year's Bad Seeds Euro jaunt were, according to Cave, Berlin and bits of Holland. The three nights at London's Shepherds Bush Empire disappointed him, for reasons he can't quite pinpoint.

Prior to Lisbon it was Zaragoza in Spain, where Bad Seed pianist Conway Savage played an impromptu solo set – "like the consummate professional he is," says Nick, proudly – after support band The Cruel Sea had failed to show up. Fine budding Australian rock heroes that they are, the Sea had temporarily broken up after a fight in the bar the previous evening. It got Cave thinking.

"With us, we understand how fragile the whole system of being on tour is and being together all the time. We really respect that and allow everyone complete breathing space to be exactly what they want. If I want to be completely depressed for a week I'm allowed to be. If Blixa wants to rant and rave and throw things around he can be that way...

"Anyway, that's what I was thinking about when I watched The Cruel Sea beat the crap out of each other. I mean, we used to do that. It's just that we value the group more than our petty differences these days."

The Bad Seeds currently number seven. Cave, Blixa Bargeld and Mick Harvey remain from the original line-up. Next in line for a distinguished service medal is drummer Thomas Wydler, who joined in 1985 while also a member of Berlin outfit Die Haut. Bassist Martyn P Casey (Triffids) and Savage now have four years duty under their belts.

Finally, there's a late addition for the European tour in percussionist Jim Sclavunos, notable for his early-'80s stint with Sonic Youth then subsequent endeavours with The Cramps and Tav Falco's Panther Burns. Most notable former comrades would be Barry Adamson and Kid Congo Powers.

What makes a Bad Seed? New kid Sclavunos, a tall, urbane New Yorker, reckons "we're all a bunch of kooks". Ask Casey, now back in Perth after ten years in London, and he'll opine that "every person who comes along into the group gets swept into this storm, and different people deal with it in different ways".

Go to Harvey, Nick Cave's stalwart colleague ever since the late '70s and Boys Next Door, and he'll say: "There is a concept behind The Bad Seeds in that it's meant to have a looseness to it, it's meant to be malleable and changeable to keep it fun. So that it's not difficult to drop people, too, if it becomes impractical, 'cos everyone's involved in other things and sometimes they start clashing."

But despite this relaxed framework, the fact remains that The Bad Seeds have also benefited from the stable foundation formed by the ever-present Bargeld, Cave and Harvey. It appears to be the source of considerable consternation, particularly for Cave, that this core is to be disturbed for the first time when the Bad Seeds embark on this summer's Lollapalooza without Blixa.

"You make it sound like I'm taking a holiday!" snorts Bargeld, imperious but nonetheless engaging, when his absence is queried. "Sure, it's not the best of all solutions. In my situation I just have to plan quite far ahead. I have to know now what we're going to do in the first half of 1995. My office is sending faxes out saying when is this Australian tour gonna happen and if I don't know within a week I can't guarantee anything."

Specifically, Blixa can't play Lollapalooza because of some long-standing theatre obligations.

And the angels sat on their ass... Bad Seeds (l to r): Thomas, Jim, Martin, Nick, Mick, Blixa and Conway

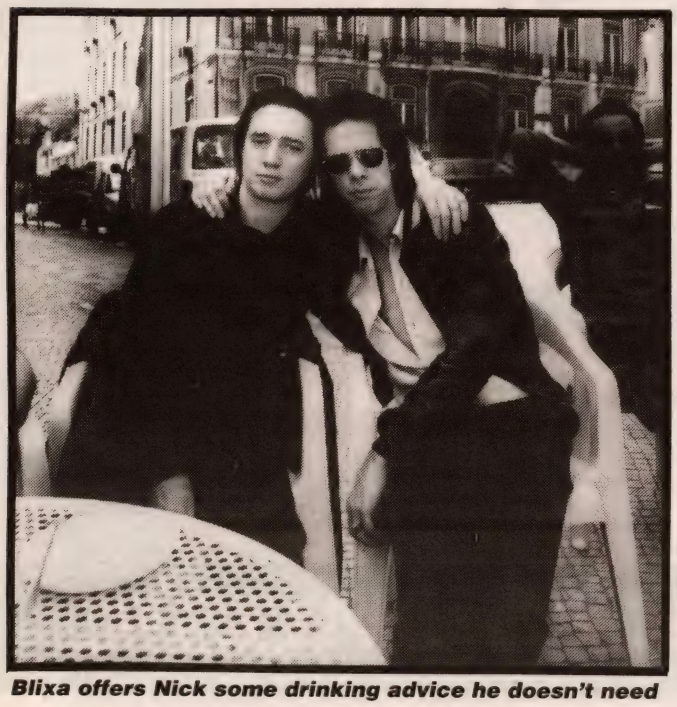
Additionally, he remains the prime mover behind Einsturzende Neubauten, is working on soundtracks and is even preparing to undertake a guest German Literature professorship in Vienna! Harvey and Wydler no longer hold down positions in two active bands, but Bargeld's schedule stretches dauntingly ahead.

While the prospect of Gallon Drunk's James Johnston becoming a Bad Seed for the US tour is vastly appealing, Blixa's absence will deprive the band of one of its most essential elements – namely, the enigmatic presence of Bargeld himself. The fact that to the untrained layperson's eye it quite often appears that he is doing very little on stage might in theory make his replacement a simple matter. Of course, in Bad Seed reality the opposite holds true.

"What Blixa actually does is very loose," considers Harvey, "and sometimes he's not doing anything. That's not to say what he does on guitar isn't important once he does it. No, Nick's very upset that Blixa's not coming, but I suppose any group can replace somebody."

He pauses, then unleashes a guffaw. "Up to a point! Hahaha! No-one is irreplaceable, it's just a question of how good or bad the replacement is."

"Blixa's very wise and understanding about things. He can tell you what's the right drink to drink when you're not feeling good. Today he prescribed me a triple vodka and told me to stop whingeing." – Nick



Blixa offers Nick some drinking advice he doesn't need

The immensely agreeable Harvey is widely perceived as the Bad Seed who keeps his head while all around are losing theirs. That same untrained layperson's eye sees him at the side of the stage apparently keeping the orchestra in line while Cave conducts wildly from the front.

"Well, I dunno. I sort of snarl at people a lot but I don't know if they pay that much attention! I think in the past it was sometimes like that, but now the group's very strong and they have their own idea about what's going on. Perhaps in the studio I'm the one who decides to intervene and co-ordinate everybody.

"It certainly used to be like that quite strongly. I remember 'Your Funeral... My Trial' and Barry (Adamson) had left just after we'd recorded the first two songs, then Thomas got RSI and could only play with one arm, while Nick was in a state where he would never play the piano, even though he can. And so there was Blixa, a one-armed drummer and me. So I had to play a lot of instruments... If it comes to a traffic jam I think everyone still looks to me to sort it out."

Nick Cave obviously relies on his two experienced lieutenants for their different qualities and professes to be "extremely irritated" by the prospect of doing a 40-date American tour without one of them.

"It's a complete pain in the arse. But Blixa's life isn't just The Bad Seeds and if it was just The Bad Seeds he'd be incredibly frustrated and, in fact, he wouldn't be able to do it."

You feel very close to him, don't you?

"I do. He's very wise and understanding about things. He can tell you what's the right drink to drink when you're not feeling good, stuff like that. He's a great authority on alcohol."

A useful man to have around.

"Well, very often I come to him and say, Look, Blixa, I'm feeling this way, what should I do about it? And he says, drink this and then have that, and you do it and you feel a lot better. Today he prescribed a triple vodka and told me to shut up and stop whingeing. I can't imagine the group without him and that's why Lollapalooza worries me quite a bit.

"I feel we've got songs that have a quite conservative, traditional value about them and then Blixa plays guitar on it. Even though his sound is absorbed into the general sound, it subverts the whole feel of the song and he's very important for that reason. If you had another guitarist just strumming along to the chords God knows what the songs would sound like.

"I don't think in my entire relationship with Blixa I've ever heard him be judgemental about anything I've done. Mick's had a completely different role. To a certain degree, I've created problems and Mick has sorted them out. Mick has the ability to cut to the quick of things, cut through all the pretence and bullshit and that works in all ways. In terms of my life, in terms of the songs. He sees to the heart of things."

A long sigh. At each pause in the conversation a fan rushes forward to press the Cave flesh and has to be ushered away disconsolately.

"Y'KNOW, FOR a long time it has ceased to be my intention to become particularly famous. I just want to do concerts where I explode, genuinely, and increasingly that sort of stuff doesn't work any more.

"What's required is just wandering around waving your arms above your head. Actually, the problem with the whole thing is that you can get away with wandering around waving your arms above your head, so you don't have to work at it. This stuff to me is frightening. Frightening because everything is cheapened and frightening because it won't last.

"I've always prided myself that we've maintained a respectable level of adulation and maintained it for a long time. We've almost been able to control it and as soon as it gets out of control it's the end for you. That's the way it feels to me."

Nick pulls on his cigarette and drains his umpteenth beer of the day. It is time for him to meet his public, gathered impatiently in the front of the bar. He'll sign tickets, kiss cheeks, and watch, aghast, as a member of The Cruel Sea falls through a window. Beyond it all, he can see The Road, beckoning him ever onwards.

STEREO

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MUD LIFE

● Daily, people jam our switchboards saying, "*NME*, Bible Of Cool, how can I possibly STAY COOL at Glastonbury among the myriad of cultural frying pans and ne'er do wells that I will surely find there?" "It's a piece of piss," reply JOHNNY CIGARETTES and JOHN HARRIS, as this special edition of their GET A LIFE! series gives you a unique Glasto guide to keeping your underwear free from disease and your property from society's drop-outs. Read on, or die horribly in a hellish quagmire of gross moral turpitude!

HEY YOU! TAKE THAT SPLIFF OUT OF YOUR MOUTH! It makes you poo like a shire horse, and, ultimately, turns you into Joie out of Ozric Tentacles. With a lobotomy.

You may have been under the impression that, in order to enjoy yourself and remain cool at Glastonbury, you have to: smoke lots of naughty ciggies away from your parents; put a piece of purple string in your hair; roll around in mud like SWINE without having to wash your face afterwards; go camping in the wilds and frolicking through fields, naked as the day you were born; and join Friends Of The Bewildered and Green Maoists For Free Plankton Sexuality Resources Road Safety Alliance.

And won't you be cool afterwards? You will have contracted several strains of rabies, beri-beri and bubonic plague. Plus that creeping flesh disease. Your short-term memory will be seriously impaired, and you will sit on Castle Cary railway station trying to open a can of co-op vegetarian curry with a paper clip. For an hour.

You will also be seriously considering jacking it all in to join a bunch of over-privileged slacker tosspots protesting about the erosion of (What? People's living standards? Human rights in Croatia? The NHS? Manufacturing industry? No...) some trees near the M11. God help us if there's a war.

But hey! As the Blow Monkeys once said, it doesn't have to be that way! And Get A Life! is here to show you the alternative. Yowsa!

For a start, TENTS? SCHMENTS!

PICTURE: ED SIRRS

They won't be getting a shag tonight **(Don't be too sure! – Ed)**

Buy a Dormobile! Or even better, stay in a nice b&B in Shepton Mallet (we'd print an authoritative list, but the last one we stayed in had polyester sheets, so we torched the landlady. Soz!). Whatever happens, be sure to take a trouser press, collar starch, electric shaver, a washing machine and a bath. Plus a telly and a microwave. One has to set oneself apart.

Ladies! Why not keep those expensive dresses in a lavender-scented portable wardrobe. It will increase your chances of shagging Paul Weller's dapper guitarist by a factor of 53.

Most importantly, install an electric fence outside to ward off undesirables. Bear traps, pit bulls and trip wires to foil the attentions of 'green' leafletters and unshaven revellers during the night are also worth a thought. Failing that, just torch them. We did.

"One thing's for sure. When I go to Glastonbury I shan't be looking scuzzy, unkempt or down at heel. Nor shall I be slumming distastefully with the common herd in one of those 'tents'. My forefathers died in order that I should have television, hot running water and electric fences around my property, and you can bet I'm going to use them! I will also torch anyone who looks scruffy. Thank you, Get A Life!, you are ace!"

– Donna, Elastica

SO YOU'VE got your pad set up, and hygiene, luxuries and security are sorted. But how do you STAY COOL at Glastonbury?

For a start, you have a duty to annoy stupid greenoids and hippies. You might like to wear an 'I ❤ McDONALD'S' T-shirt. Also, go to Dewhurst's the day before you leave and buy a lean side of beef, a quarter of mince and some tripe. Have them with you at all times, and if you spy anyone eating salad, throw it at them. We didn't win the Battle Of Monte Casino eating coleslaw.

Or how about a 'M11 – in my backyard, please!' T-shirt? People have to be reminded that the whole point of bypasses and motorways is to reduce the volume of traffic in built-up areas, and pollute trees instead of people. Where, pray, would Western Civilisation be if we still rode horses and carriages across dirt tracks?

Would your mum have got to the hospital on time to give birth to you? Would 'Revolver' ever have been written? Would you have the amount of money you do to sit around in fields at the taxpayer's expense smoking dope? No, you'd probably be dead from f—ing cholera if there were no roads. Or something.

Another fine fashion accessory is a bucket of cold water. Quite apart from being all the rage at the Milan shows last month, you can throw it over nudists to stop them from frightening children. And another thing. While on the subject of children, if you see any at Glastonbury, arrest their parents and hand the kids over to the social services. You owe it to them. Smack a few if you get the chance, too. It didn't do us any harm, did it?

If you can get hold of one, you will be the envy of all your friends if you drive around the Glastonbury site in a JCB, with thick black fumes coming from the exhaust.

Everyone will get out of your way, you'll be able to run over drug addicts, and you'll probably get a spread in *The Face* into the bargain. Beezer!

TOP FIVE DEODORANTS

1 SURELY EXTRA DRY
SPRAY OR nothing. Also the best for flame throwing.

2 MOM (ROLL-ON)
SMELLS OF copper sulphate, which is guaranteed to attract men with Linford Christie-type packets. Oo-er.

3 BROOT
SCIENTISTS AGREE that longhairs are allergic to it. But Kevin Keegan wore it, and he can't move for nookie, so think on.

4 JOE BOGGS BODY SPRAY
STYLISH, SUAVE, and dammit, it kills flies DEAD on contact. Also just the ticket for that Oasis-prompted baggy renaissance. Kickin'.

5 IMPULSIVE ALL-OVER BODY SPRAY
THE ADVERT is wrong. "When a man you've never met before suddenly gives you all his top-flight E's..." That's more like it. Arf!

IS RUBBISH

BUT WHAT about booze and drugs? Simple. Avoid beer, cider, cannabis and acid. They dull your personality, make you grow your hair, (which warps the brain) and turn you into Demis Roussos. You're best off cruising around with a bottle of vodka in one hand and a bag of fine speed in the other.

It should go without saying, but under no circumstances eat at Glastonbury. Syd Barratt stuffed his face at Glasters '71, and look what happened to him! The food has drugs in, planted by agents who would gladly see our fine, morally upright society go to the dogs tomorrow. Aside from your meat, take a selection of Findus Menu Masters with you and stick to them.

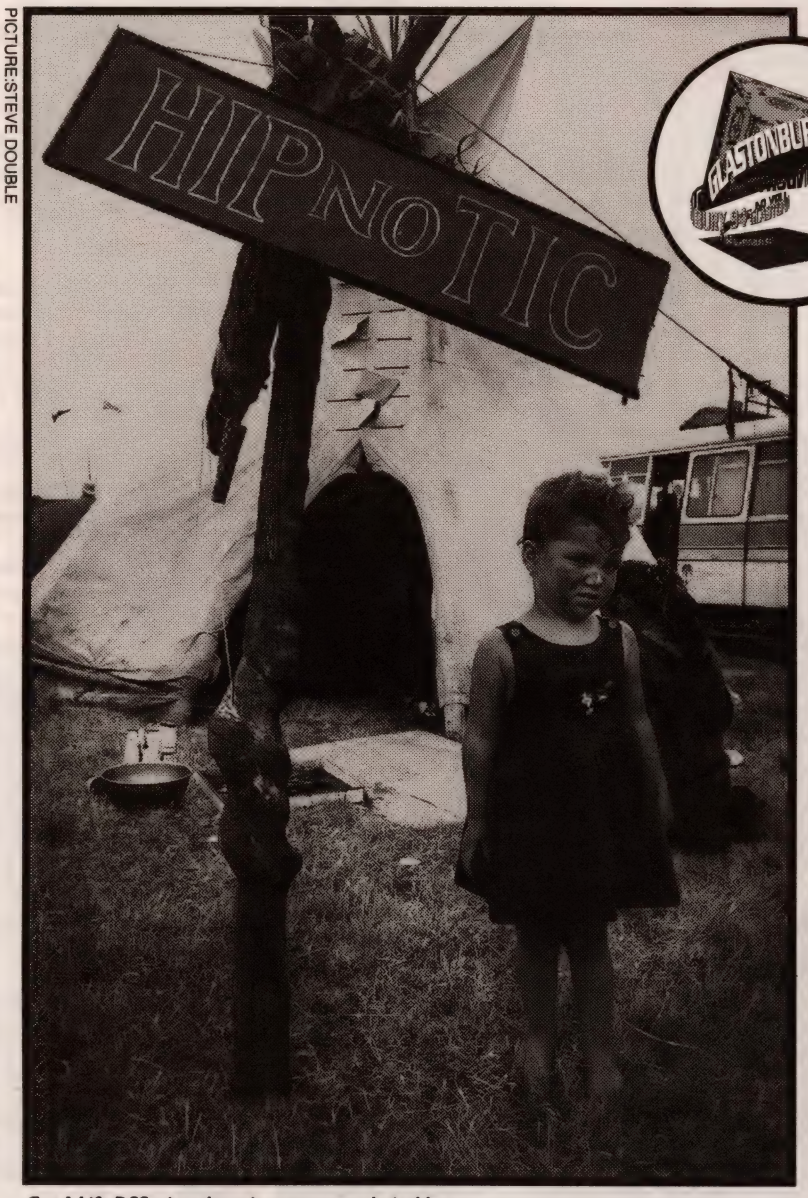
There will be times at Glastonbury when you are confronted by people extolling the virtues of alternative energy sources. Hit them with a machete. No, sorry, that's wrong. In fact you should take heed of their philosophy, and employ an electrician to wire a timer up to the electricity supply for the whole site. Then when you want to go to bed, you can stop any sound system nonsense at the flick of a switch. If anyone complains, suggest they try using wind power. Or, torch them.

And remember, before you go home, remember to steal Jeremy Leveller's Honda Civic while posing as a car park attendant. Why? Because he smells.

"I've just read your Glasters guide," says Ronnie Kray, festering in Broadmoor for the 38th year, "and if I get out next year, I'll follow it to the letter. Cheers, *Get A Life!*"

One last thing – if it rains and gets muddy... GO HOME! But always dress sharp, think sharp, get a power shower and GET A LIFE!

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE



Get A Life DSS wing closes in on more undesirables

FIVE TOP MONEY MAKING SCHEMES AT GLASTO

JUST THINK! Hundreds of thousands people off their nuts = RICH PICKINGS! And *you* can fleece them first, with our special guide to, er, 'Green Capitalism':

1 START YOUR OWN RELIGION

ALL OVER the Glastonbury site, people are queuing for hours to give all their money away to someone promising to read their arse hairs, or to find spiritual nirvana by smelling bottles of tortoise urine. You can use their money more responsibly so relieve them of that burden by starting your own religion. It's all socialistic share-the-wealth stuff really. Ideally you should decree that your followers must relinquish all their worldly possessions to you, especially nice cars and CD Walkmans. Get hold of a pair of red contact lenses and they'll look into your eyes and think you're God. Obviously.

2 SET UP A TV AND CHARGE PEOPLE TO WATCH THE WORLD CUP

WITH A fully unlicensed bar, naturally. OK, a tent for 100 people could be a problem, but the profits could be handsome for 90 minutes' work (a special tarrif should be payable in the event of extra time, and even more for penalties). How you'll handle security is not our problem, but Glaswegian kisses to hippies are always fun.

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Get A Life team, making big bucks, Glasto '93

3 A GLASTONBURY SWEEPSTAKE

BETS COULD be taken on number of arrests; people falling into the bogs; what 'controversial' statement Nicky Manic will make from the stage on Friday night; how many naked men will be seen hanging from trees; and so on. (Tip: the answers are: 57; one, and he deserved it; "Phooer! What a pong!"; four, all in the Green Field).

4 SELL TAPES OF BANDS WHO HAVE JUST COME OFFSTAGE

BUY UP bootlegs from previous gigs of each band and sell them 'hot off the mixing desk' at twice the price. The recording quality will be so bad that no-one will be able to tell the difference.

5 SAVE UP YOUR BOGIES AND SELL THEM AS 'WICKED LEBANESE, MAN'

START PICKING now, and come mid-June you should have at least £100 of Glasto gold. Customers will sniff at it, pretending they know what they're doing, but they'll never tell the difference. If in doubt, soak it in stoat spunk.

● ***NOTE: none of the above are strictly legal and are definitely NOT recommended by NME lawyers. And if you get caught, deny that they were our ideas in the first place, alright?***

"A CLOCKWORK ORANGE FOR THE NINETIES"
SUNDANCE

"IN YOUR FACE AND THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN"
THE FACE

"DRIVES FAST WITH IT'S FOOT PRESSED TO THE FLOOR"
LOADED

FEATURING
UTAH SAINTS
ONE DOVE
SENSER
KALIPHZ
SABRES of PARADISE
AVAILABLE ON
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK

No one leaves without paying...

$HOPPING 18

CHANNEL FOUR FILMS presents in association with POLYGRAM
KUZUI ENTERPRISES and WMG an IMPACT PICTURES production
'SHOPPING' SADIE FROST JUDE LAW SEAN PERTWEE
MARIANNE FAITHFULL SEAN BEAN and JONATHAN PRYCE
Casting Director JANE FRISBY Costume Designer HOWARD BURDEN
Production Designer MAX GOTTLIEB
Original score composed and conducted by BARRINGTON PHELOUNG
Editor DAVID STIVEN Line Producer LAURIE BORG
Director of Photography TONY IMI B.S.C.
Produced by JEREMY BOLT Written and Directed by PAUL ANDERSON

STARTS FRI JUNE 24

MGM HAYMARKET ADVANCE BOOKING 081 970 6016
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ODEON KENSINGTON BOOKINGS (071) 371 3166

AND AT SELECTED CINEMAS ACROSS THE COUNTRY

● Six foot six he stood on the ground, weighed 235 pounds but that giant of a man was brought down to his knees by... music business indifference. Enter Rick Rubin and suddenly JOHNNY CASH was The Man In Black again, the voice and personality that shook middle America to the foundations. TERRY STAUNTON hears about Kennedy, FRED DELLAR recalls Cash's madness. Shuttered eyelids: PENNIE SMITH

ALL THE

CHAOS FROM CASH: the mad life of The Man In Black

● The U2/Johnny Cash collaboration on the 'Zooropa' album went under the working title 'Johnny Cash On The Moon' until Bono decided on the title 'The Wanderer'. Bono later described the music as sounding like "the Holiday Inn Band... from Hell".

● In October 1965, the Man In Black was arrested by the drugs squad at El Paso airport. They discovered 688 Dexedrine and 475 Equanil pills hidden in a cheap Mexican guitar.

● During the '50s, believing that Johnny's first wife Vivian to be of black descent (she was of Italian stock), the Ku Klux Klan accused the singer of "mongrelising the races". When Cash threatened to sue the Klan, they said they would kill him if he played a gig in Greenville, South Carolina.

● In 1966, Johnny was discovered drunk in Starkville, Mississippi, picking flowers at 2am. He was thrown in jail for the night and fined $36. Cash was so upset that he kicked a cell wall and broke a toe. When he later recorded a song about the incident ('Starkville City Jail'), the cops who arrested him became celebrities and were asked to autograph Cash's albums.

● In the early '80s, he was mugged by an ostrich. Cash kept two ostriches at home but the female froze to death. At which point the male became mean and attacked him, breaking five of the singer's ribs. "He would have ripped me right open but for my belt buckle," Johnny later claimed.

● During 1944, Johnny's 14-year-old brother Jack fell onto a circular saw that shredded his stomach. He died 11 days later.

● Cash was denied an appearance on Nashville's Grand Ole Opry for a long while, so when he finally got there, he displayed his gratitude by smashing up all the venue's footlights with his guitar.

● At a Georgia motel, Cash and his friends asked for adjoining rooms. When they discovered that there were no connecting doors, they took a fire-axe from the hallway and chopped their way through the partitions until they had their own entranceway.

● During December 1970 Cash recorded a sessions-worth of songs intended for the Apollo 14 space flight, including 'Come Take A Trip In My Airship'. But these were never used at the time and ended up on a later album, unlike the 16 tracks he recorded with Bob Dylan a year earlier, only one of which, 'Girl From The North Country', was ever officially released.

● When he signed to Rick Rubin's American Records label, Cash claimed: "I probably won't be recording with Slayer. Although you never know. I just might."

The Man In Black is an ex-con with a barbed wire toilet seat in his bathroom.

After 40 years of making music, it is inevitable that a myth or two has built up around Johnny Cash, one of just a handful of artists who can seriously be considered a living legend.

This is a man who has jammed with rock'n'roll greats like Elvis Presley and Jerry Lee Lewis, he's protested against the Vietnam war and his government's treatment of American Indians, he's broken bread with Kennedy, Nixon and Carter (the latter his wife June's cousin), he's driven a truck with Bill Clinton, and because of his past fondness for amphetamines and alcohol, he's been a paying guest of former First Lady Betty Ford.

And then there's the music itself. He's married the bluegrass of his upbringing with the burgeoning rockabilly of the '50s, emerging as perhaps the first superstar of country, becoming a supreme storyteller along the way.

He's been ostracised by the Nashville hierarchy, but is now resurfacing as a bloodied but unbowed musical force with the unlikely assistance of Rick Rubin.

"I have a nature to abuse chemicals. I'd be dead tomorrow if I started again today. With me, one is too many but a thousand is not enough, y'know? That would be the end for me."

The confessional nature of a large part of Cash's past music has fed the myths, with many listeners assuming that every song has an autobiographical slant, but let's not be entirely gullible. His daddy didn't really name him Sue, and Cash didn't actually steal a Cadillac 'One Piece At A Time' in his lunchbox.

Likewise, only half of that opening statement is true. Cash may have "*shot a man in Reno just to watch him die*" in the lyrics to 'Folsom Prison Blues', but he has never actually *been* a convict (there is the prison of self, but more about that later). True, he spent a few hours in a small town jail in the late '50s after being found with a bottle of prescribed amphetamines which were perfectly legal in the neighbouring county, but that small spoonful was his biggest bowl of porridge.

He does, however, collect vintage barbed wire from Civil War sites and farming compounds, some of which is encased in the clear perspex toilet seat in his home, although he keeps the real valuable stuff (it has to be three feet long or more, apparently) in his museum of American folklore, the House Of Cash.

ON A brilliant blue Tennessee morning the *NME* team watch a freight train bound for Chattanooga come to a halt at the rear of the House Of Cash in Hendersonville, some 20 miles outside of Nashville.

It sits silently for a few minutes, as it does every day, a mark of respect for the 19th century station house (now his wife June's antiques store) next to the museum.

Suddenly, the silence is broken by the booming of a familiar voice: "D'you want me to bring the guitar down for the pictures?" We turn around and look up to see an imposing figure, dressed from head to toe in black, standing at the top of the stairs outside the two-storey museum. Hello, it's Johnny Cash.

It's been said that Cash can fill a room just by walking into it, and now, seeing the frame of the man against the cloudless sky is a little like watching an eclipse of the sun. All cynicism aside, there is a very real feeling that we are in the presence of greatness.

Cash is not the only man in black today, as it seems that the whole of this patriotic state is in mouring for Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, who died the day before.

"I knew President Kennedy, but I never actually got to meet Jackie," Cash tells me in his office after the photo session, pausing to push his small steel glasses up the bridge of his nose.

"Talk about an American icon, she was one of the biggest. Everybody loved her. I think there was more than sympathy after John's death in the nation's love for her.

"She was the epitome of what America would like a First Lady to be. She looked the part, she was young and beautiful, and she carried herself with great dignity."

Do you know the Clintons?

"I've known Bill Clinton since he was a state congressman 20 years ago, although we've only met once since he became president. I remember about five or six years ago The Highwaymen (*Cash's part-time band with Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings and Kris Kristofferson*) did a show in Little Rock for flood victims in the lowlands of Arkansas and we asked everybody to bring some food with them as part of the price of admission.

"All the food was distributed directly to the needy the next day and Clinton got in the trucks with us and helped. He's never been afraid to get his hands dirty."

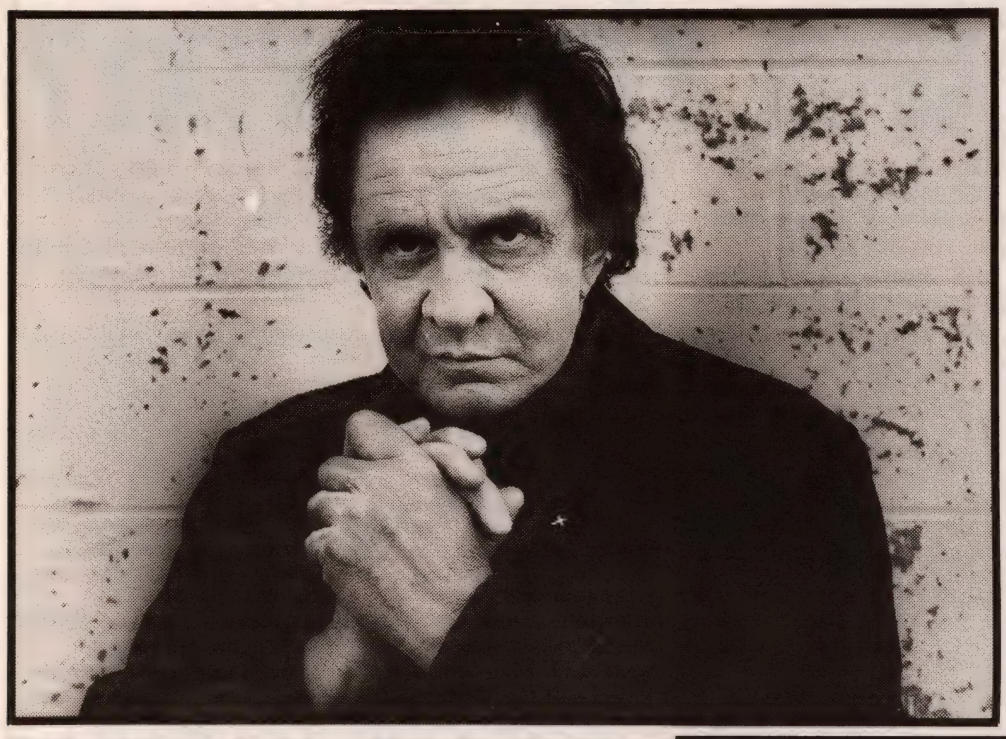
But friends in high places can't always help when you're trying to sell records, and Cash is the first to admit that his stock has been low for ten years or more.

All that seems set to change with 'American Recordings', his new album on Rick Rubin's label of the same name, currently racing up the US charts and likely to follow suit when released in the UK later this summer. The ultimate unplugged LP, Cash and his guitar deliver 13 stripped-down folk ballads (for want of a better description), mostly recorded in Rubin's Los Angeles living room.

The pairing of a country legend with Rubin, the man who gave the world The Beastie Boys and The Black Crowes, may seem curious, but it seems perfectly natural to hear Cash explain it.

"My contract with Mercury

PRESIDENTS' MAN



The Beast, Johnny Cash **"caged by frail and fragile bars"**

He fumbles with the pen and blotter on his desk while slowly formulating his next sentence.

"I have, um, a chemically... I have a nature to abuse chemicals, drugs, and for a few years now because of redemption I haven't done that, 'cause I'd be dead tomorrow if I started again today. I know that. With me, one is too many but a thousand is not enough, y'know? That would be the end for me."

Do you have therapy or see an analyst?

"Well, I've been in and out of all kinds of places. It's no secret that I've been to alcohol and drug treatment centres. I don't go to a therapist now but I have a spiritual mentor who I speak to every day and he helps me with the stuff that can build up inside you and eat you alive.

"I try to stay anger-free at all times, because that's my worst enemy. Anger thrives on frustration, aggravation, resentment and rancour and I have to work at keeping it under control. If I didn't work at it I could get angry about a lot of things."

Does it get easier as you get older?

"I don't think so. I'm 62 now and I'm not much different from when I was 32 or 22."

But you seem fairly content with your life right now.

"Yeah, I am. I got reason to be. I've had so many good things said about me for so long now, I'm just waitin' for the backlash. I gotta be strong and ready for it, 'cause so far it's been almost 40 years comin', 40 years next year, and it could be a real big backlash, huh huh."

HE MAY be battling against sin and anger, but Johnny Cash gives the impression that he's winning hands down. As the interview comes to a close, he's as relaxed and contented as when we started.

He chuckles over Willie Nelson's recent drugs bust in Texas (found sleeping in the back of his car with his stash in plain view on the driver's seat), talks about plans for another Highwaymen album and reveals that Rubin wants the next album to be "more experimental".

That covers a multitude of sins, doesn't it?

"Yeah, that's what I said to Bono when he said he wanted to use me as an experiment on that track on 'Zooropa' I sang on, 'The Wanderer'. Guess I'm the oldest guinea pig in town.

"I *loved* the way that U2 track turned out, except that when they remixed it and my voice came out a little stronger I realised I'd gone flat a couple of times. But that's me, I suppose."

Often it's the rough edges that really make a record.

"I hope so, because I got 'em. Lord knows I got 'em."

here in Nashville was runnin' out, he'd heard about it and got in touch. I didn't really know who he was, but I knew he'd worked in rap and metal and grunge. I was keen to know what he had in mind for me.

"I hadn't been happy for a while, but I was still hungry. That fire was burnin' in me, I was writin' a lot of new songs but didn't know what to do with them. There was no place to put them with people that I trusted. I asked him what he'd do with me, and he just told me to sit down with the guitar and sing him every song I had ever wanted to record.

"That's basically what I did, I played for a couple of hours; Appalachian, blues, gospel, I even went through 'Banks Of The Ohio'. I realised that this man really wanted me to do what I felt as an artist, the first time I'd met someone like that since I worked with Sam Phillips at Sun Records in 1954. Nobody had encouraged me to sing what I really *felt* in nearly 40 years.

"The record's really up close and personal, one on one, that's what we shot for. I think Rick is one of the few people capable of breathing new life into music, he's got the guts and commitment to bring it out into the open."

CASH TESTED his new bare bones approach with low-key shows in small "hip" clubs like The Viper Room in Los Angeles and The Fez in New York ("I was nervous at first, but it just reminded me of the honky tonk bars I played in the '50s") and over a ten month period he recorded a staggering 100 songs.

"Yeah, we did a lot of gospel stuff which never made the final record, but we might do a separate gospel album at some point. I chose some of the songs, like Leonard Cohen's 'Bird On A Wire'. I've always wanted to do that.

"Rubin told a lot of writers that I was listenin' but for songs. He did ask a few people to write specifically for me. That's how I got the Tom Waits song, 'Down By The Train'. I'd heard his name before and that was about it, but I went out and bought some of his albums afterwards. He's a very special writer, my kind of writer. It's really inspiring to know that there are so many great writers out there."

What are arguably the album's two most striking songs were written specially for Cash by men who appeared to get right inside his head and speak directly to his demons. Glenn Danzig's 'Thirteen' ("*I was born in the soul of misery/Never had me a name/ They just gave me a number when I was young*") was written and recorded over three hours in one evening and Danzig, an old friend of Rubin's, is currently writing more for future Cash projects.

The other, Nick Lowe's 'The Beast In Me' ("*...is caged by frail and fragile bars*"), took nearly 15 years to finish.

"I was at Nick's house in Shepherd's Bush on New Year's Eve in 1979, he was married to my daughter Carlene, and he started to sing this song he'd written for me but it wasn't finished. 'The Beast In Me', even the title is something special. From what I heard of it I said to him, 'You know me very well, don't you?'

"I asked him to send it to me when he'd finished, but he never did. I asked him again when he sang with me at the Royal Albert Hall nearly ten years later, and he said, 'Yeah, nearly finished, any day now'. Anyway, I still never got it. So I told Rick about this song when we were puttin' the album together, and by now it had been 14 years since I first heard it, which Rick thought was ridiculous.

"So Rubin phoned Nick, and whaddaya know, we had the song in a couple of days. I don't know what Rubin said to him but it must have scared the hell out of him, really shook him up."

It was worth the wait, for Cash feels it's the pivotal song on 'American Recordings', the key to the album's twin themes of sin and redemption. After hearing the finished version of 'The Beast In Me' he hunted through an old book he had at home called *American Murder Ballads* for further sinful inspiration, which led indirectly to Cash writing the album's chilling opener 'Delia's Gone'.

"We didn't set out to give it a theme, it just turned out that way. I even named the dogs on the record cover Sin and Redemption. The black one with the white scratch is Sin, and the lighter one with the black scratch is Redemption – and that's me, y'know. Never been totally bad or totally good. That's why I wrote the song 'Redemption' that made it on to the final record, I was thinkin' 'There's gotta be an upside to all this'. I mean, thank God there is redemption or I wouldn't be alive today."

QUA

● BLUR are on top of the world. Right now they are untouchable: a Number One album, Top 20 single, greyhounds being named after them and 15-year-olds shagging down the front of their gigs. Britain's biggest band, basically. STEVE SUTHERLAND believes there is no udder way (arf!). Silly moos: STEVE DOUBLE

It could have been the cider. It could have been the song. It could have been the fact that this was just about the only place they could be together without her brother or his mother walking in on them.

Whatever, when Blur went into 'To The End', he came over all romantic and one thing led to another, a hand held, a clasp undone and, before either of them knew quite what they were doing, they were at it, screwing down at the front, standing up against the stage, oblivious to those around them, lost in the lights and the passion and the music. And each other.

Graham thought he saw them but couldn't believe his eyes. Two 15-year-olds, one a punky schoolgirl screamer, one a flash nouveau mod. Humping in the hall? Nah! Surely not.

But Alex saw them all right, seated back on his amp, stroking the bass.

"It was beautiful," he says backstage between gulps of bubbly. "Just beautiful..."

This is Aylesbury Civic Centre, the last night of the 'Parklife' tour, Blur's final British date before they headline the *NME* stage at Glastonbury. And shagging down the front is a perfectly apposite finale for what's been going on for the past few weeks.

Damon, who's stretched out exhausted on a sofa clutching a big 'I Love You' sign that he'd bought for Justine at a truck stop, has been through six pairs of shoes on this tour, torn from him when he dives into the adoring crowd. More than once he has asked the crowd to return them, cheekily claiming he's not Jesus and he can't go barefoot. But the crowd never believe him. "J-e-s-u-s", they chant back at him and, he admits with a grin, it's as close as he's ever felt to immortality.

There's sweat running down the walls in small rivers but, for some unfathomable reason, Graham has changed into full army combat fatigues, tin helmet and all, and is screaming "INCOMING!" whenever anyone approaches. Dave is very quiet in the opposite corner, drinking soft drinks, avoiding the booze which Alex, manfully, has taken upon himself to consume singlehandedly. Slugging from his second bottle of champagne ("One can't drink champers from a plastic cup now, can one?"), he explains how he arrived home with Graham after the Shepherd's Bush gig the other night and settled into a serous brandy session unaware, until his girlfriend came home, that the whole flat had been burgled.

"There was a keyboard missing and... some other stuff," he slurs good naturedly. "I hadn't noticed. But I couldn't bring myself to care. I mean, I never give beggars money in the street or anything so, y'know, fair's fair..."

He saunters off in search of a disco. Damon pulls some sodden betting slips from his top pocket. "People have been throwing them onstage," he grins. "And, since the album came out, we've heard that some owner has named his dog Parklife!"

"That's nothing," says Graham, snapping momentarily back into our world. "On the Japanese version of the 'Parklife' CD, the dog's eyes light up and when you open it... it BARKS!"

There's a commotion at the door and a bunch of fans are let in for autographs. One wants her arm signed, one's been to every show on the tour...

"Here goes my big mouth again but... the reason we're doing so well is because, at this particular moment in time, I don't think there's another band that have qualified what they're about in the world as much as we have," says Damon, signing away. "We've come to a point where we've really met our market full on. I know it'll change but, right now, it's all ours. When we started, I really wanted to be part of something but we're out on our own now."

He laughs at his arrogance.

"Untouchable."

"I recently saw myself on MTV. I'd gone through the last three years thinking I was maybe a bit eccentric but quite suave. And what I saw on that stage was a geek!" – Damon

IT WASN'T always this way, and that's what makes tonight – and other recent nights of Blur's triumphant 'Parklife' tour – all the sweeter. Not so long ago, it was pretty nearly curtains for Blur. They were perpetually drunk, disillusioned, becoming crap and scared half to death of what was happening to them. They played The Hibernian Club in London to less than 400 people – all that was left when the party fell flat after the bright pop promise of 'She's So High' and 'There's No Other Way'. They had management problems and faced financial ruin. They'd reached the point of collapse fruitlessly touring America and, to top it all, their record company seemed convinced their future lay in becoming an ersatz Jesus Jones.

Blur's reaction was to hit the bottle with a vengeance, getting too pissed to care. It all came to a head in the winter of 1992 at The Town & Country Club (now The Forum) in North London. Blur were headlining an *NME* charity bash and they were absolute rubbish. Damon came on stage and told the crowd they might as well all go home because the gig was going to be crap, and then spent much of the set headbutting the speakers. He also inadvertently managed to stab a mic stand into the head of one of the security guys and the band fled the premises fearing for their lives.

On top of everything else, there was another band further down the bill that night who, suddenly, everyone fell in love with.

"Yeah, Suede," reminisces Damon, still wincing at the memory. "We just went into self-destruct. There was this general sense that we were redundant and, quite naturally, we couldn't handle it."

Damon was awoken the morning after the gig by Dave Balfe, founder of Food and one-time member of The Teardrop Explodes. Over beans on toast he informed Damon that, as far as he could see, Blur were all over. He'd seen it all before with the Teardrops – the over-indulgence, the bad attitude – and he gave the band a month, tops. In short, he told Damon he'd blown it.

"That was totally rock bottom," remembers Damon. "All we had left was ourselves in a studio in Fulham. But, when you've got absolutely nothing to lose, you sometimes come out with your best material."

"Our pride was very bashed," recalls Graham, "and we decided that it wasn't good for us mentally to be in that anxious, paranoid state."

"Part of it was like driving a car and wanting to crash it so the responsibility of driving it isn't there anymore."

So Blur holed up in Fulham, eased off the alcohol and started plotting their future.

"The fact that Suede were doing so well really helped," admits Graham. "I remember we came back from America and suddenly Suede were everywhere and we were crap. That was weird. I went down the Underworld and no-one wanted to talk to me. I was yesterday's guitar man. And it mattered! We don't like people stealing our thunder! We tend to think that we've earned a right to a certain amount. It's that simple. And we're very affronted when we're ignored."

So Blur determined to regain their territory, their focus sharpened by adversity.

"I'm pretty brutal," admits Damon. "I don't fear aggression. Obviously, I don't wanna get my 'ead kicked in, but I don't mind arguing. Y'know, some people, it affects their whole being when they're in confrontation, but I'm not like that. I enjoy a good barny."

So began a war of words in the papers between Blur and any other band who dared to release records that sold more than theirs (which was just about everybody around the time 'Popscene' stiffed). Suede became a special target because they were the darlings of the press, Brits nominees, Brats winners and recipients of the Mercury Prize while Blur were out on their uppers. Not only that but Damon's girlfriend, Justine, soon to form Elastica, was Brett's ex. So this was business *and* personal.

"Hmmm. Look, I don't wanna talk about the Suede thing because I've exorcised all of my little hang-ups," says Damon, picking his words carefully. "I imposed them on myself in the first place and they were probably unnecessary but it helped them in the first place and it sure helped us. But now I think it's quits. I mean, we're pretty similar really. I object to some of the things I've seen that I've said. Y'know, I'm very negative and it's unnecessary sometimes."

But is the rancour really over? As recently as the June issue of French magazine *Les Inrockuptibles*, Graham accuses Suede's Bernard Butler of ripping off his guitar style: "Why? Because Mr Butler was Blur's guitar roadie for two years... he spent hours crying on my doorstep for us to take him on tour."

Damon, meanwhile, is quoted as saying, "This is the first time we've spoken about this, because we didn't want to come across as vindictive c—s. We wanted to wait until we were at the top to reveal these stories. If we'd said all this two years ago, no-one would have believed us. I knew that my moment for vengeance would come. Public vengeance and personal vengeance. I wanted to prove to myself that I could dethrone Brett and his group of cretins. We'll see who's at the top of the charts in two or three years."

Blur's reaction, when *NME* confronted the band with these quotes at the time of their publication, was a vague denial that they ever said such things. And, to be perfectly fair, the journalist who did the interview can no longer find the tape to substantiate the story.

Damon squirms when he's asked about it now.

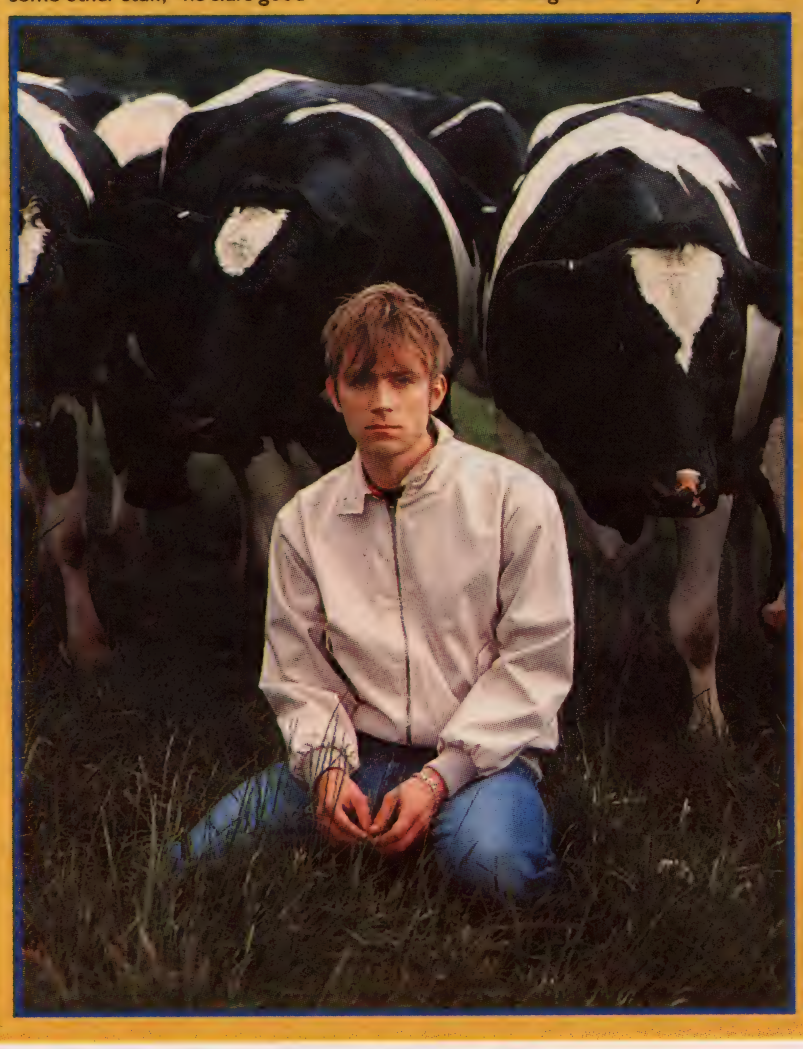
"That's not... that's not... that's not true y'know. Thank God it didn't go any further. I've learned my lesson from that. I will not say another thing ever again."

Are you saying you didn't say it?

"Oh, I didn't... I didn't say it in that context anyway."

Long pause.

"For the record, I think Suede are a very important band but they've got to go through similar things to what we've



DRUPEDIA!

Tracy pats, moo-oo, moo-oo!: Friesian jolly good fellows Blur join the bovine comedy

been through. It hurts when you see yourself ignored and other people taken notice of."

"Those quotes were taken extremely ridiculously out of context," says Alex coolly. "I don't want to waste my time talking about that. It didn't ring true. Maybe 18 months ago, the four of us, drunk, talking about it one night. But not now, not while we're Number Five in the charts."

So you can be far more magnanimous now Blur are successful.

He smiles. "Absolutely."

THE UPTURN in Blur's fortunes came when they recorded 'Modern Life Is Rubbish', an LP which effectively reinvented them. Ignoring record company pressures, they cut loose from the post-baggy loser scene and reappeared as sharp, sophisticated, streetwise lads about town. All the bitterness and disappointment of the previous year had been used to fuel a fierce new determination not only to stay together and succeed as a band, but also to enjoy the crack as it was happening. And suddenly it all paid off. Blur actually became the band that Damon had always said they were going to be.

It happened at Reading Festival. Blur were playing the second stage tent on a cold Saturday night while, on the main stage, The The were boring the bollocks off the freezing crowd. Gradually, as if by some pre-arranged signal, people turned their backs on morbid old Matt Johnson and started heading for the tent where Blur found themselves the focal point of the festivities and, by common consent, the hit of the whole weekend.

"That was amazing," recalls Damon, beaming at the memory. "It was the first time that I was ever in control of my performance. It was a lovely feeling having that whole audience singing along. And I suddenly realised what we were, I discovered the key – that sort of call and response reaction, that eclectic quality of gathering lots of different kinds of people together."

"I mean, we played Norwich the other night and there were 15-18-year-olds at the front and, at the back, there were men with beards – and great beards at that! And they were all singing. And that's the way I've always seen it. You see, I wasn't particularly into the rebellion thing when I was a teenager. I didn't read the *NME* and get into all that one-upmanship. I've always thought that music is there for everybody."

CATCHING UP with Blur on the 'Parklife' tour is much like attending a post-Cup Final knees-up. Everybody supports the same team. Everyone sings along. Before the band comes on, there are even mass renditions of The Kinks' 'Sunny Afternoon', Small Faces' 'Lazy Sunday', numbers from the soundtrack to *Oliver* and, ulp, Bruce Forsyth's *Generation Game*. Yeah, hang that DJ!

Damon's right, no-one can touch Blur right now. One guy I know reckons the Friday Blur gig at Shepherd's Bush Empire is the best he's seen since The Clash at The Music Machine. Totally punk rock, he reckons. Gutted he didn't go the night before. Can't stand the album though, just got off on the charge of the crowd, swooning along with 'To The End', breaking into mass pogo for 'Tracy Jacks', going completely moshpit mental to 'Parklife' itself. This is pure celebration, the likes of which we haven't experienced since those heady days when Primal Scream toured 'Screamadelica'.

Damon saw the Scream on that tour and, although he doesn't have much time for drug mythology, he could see how the chemistry works.

"I can appreciate that we generate a similar feel but I just don't share the same vision. We did all our drugs before we were in this band," he laughs.

Damon has been quoted as saying

that Bobby Gillespie should quit while he's ahead and open a Rolling Stones museum in Brighton. Reminded of this, he smirks. "Yeah, well it's important we all hate each other isn't it?"

There are tales of a run-in with Oasis too. It seems that, after *NME*'s Undrugged Question & Answer session at King's Reach Tower, the Oasis lot ended up at The Good Mixer pub in Camden where they happened upon Graham and harangued him mercilessly until they were thrown out.

Some say that Blur – inventors of New Lad when they dressed as mods and sprayed that wall in Clapton with 'Modern Life Is Rubbish' for last year's *NME* photo session – were a little lacking in bottle when faced down by the real thing in the shape of the perpetually feuding Gallagher brothers.

Damon laughs. He won't be responsible, he says, for legitimising a generation of thinking hooligans.

"It's important that Oasis are rude about everybody and that they get drunk. That's what people like you want, and you encourage them. Fair enough. It's nice, isn't it? But it's nothing to do with me. They came to see us in Manchester and they were very pleasant boys. Very nice."

He's grinning.

"I'd like to see that as a quote. Oasis are very nice boys."

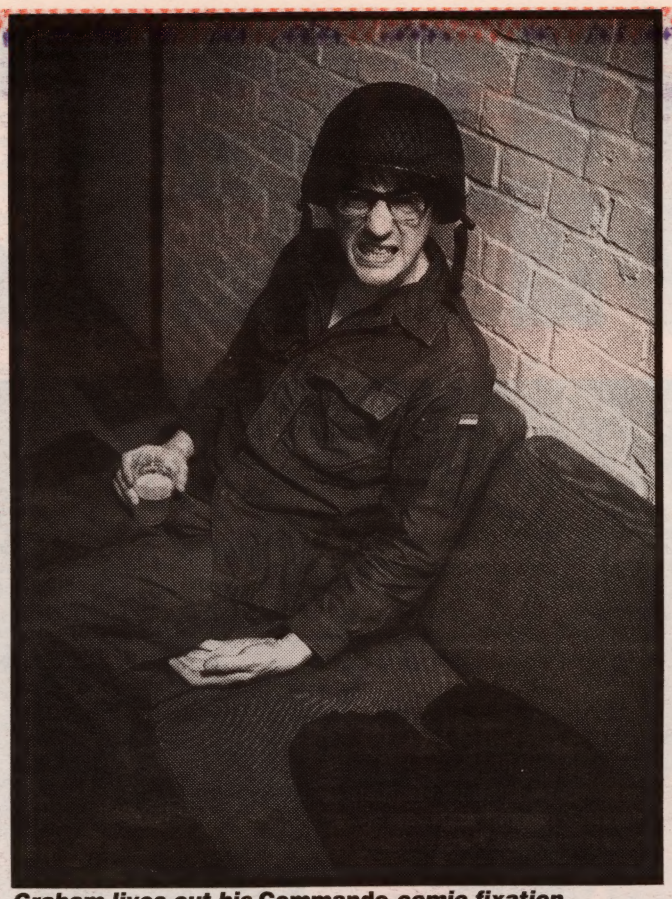
Damon is aware, though, of how careful he must be not to allow any image to get out of hand. Harmless, chucklesome old Madness are still plagued to this day by thick bastard skinheads and Blur have refused offers to play scooter rallies or to appear on the cover of *Scooter* magazine for fear of the wrong associations.

"We're very aware not to unleash the nasty elements," he says, "though, personally, I think I'm too camp to attract those people anyway. There's always a chance with Blur that we'll appear in a video dressed as raving fruits or schoolboys or whatever. There's no guarantee that it's gonna be just Fred Perry's and giving it what the lads want.

"But let's face it, we all play up to what people expect of us. The trick is to realise that and to tell yourself that there's gonna be a cut-off point and you're gonna go on to do something else. Because the world will change anyway. That's the exciting thing for me. That's the motivation for being in a band – the fact that it's always moving. You constantly have to be on your toes."

Damon sheepishly likens himself to David Bowie in that, although he may not always be able to stay one step ahead of the pack the way Bowie did in the '70s, at least he thinks about it. He's seen the desperate things others get up to when they feel their tiny moment of fame slipping away. Talk inevitably turns to Morrissey and the selfish mean-mindedness that makes him use an organisation as pernicious as the BNP as a tool in his struggle to create outrage and keep himself in the headlines.

"To be honest, I'm more worried about his records which I think are... if not appalling, certainly not great," he says of the former Smith who he recently likened to the Fonz trading in his leather jacket for a suit and tie. "Y'know, he's lost all enthusiasm. That renders all the rest of it impotent really, that the music isn't up to scratch. He wouldn't have to bother with the outrage if it was.



Graham lives out his* Commando *comic fixation

"I've always found subjects like this difficult because I was brought up in Leytonstone in a very mixed environment. From a very young age I had completely digested colour and homosexuality because my home environment was so much a part of it. Then I moved to Colchester in my teens when my dad got a job at the art college and I was actually quite shocked because I found myself in Essex, in this environment where you couldn't express yourself, you couldn't wear funny clothes and there were no black people.

"I mean, I can't believe I was born English. Why wasn't I born Spanish or West Indian? Other races seem to enjoy everything so much more. The English are mean-spirited and, yeah, I'm disappointed and ashamed and all but that's us, isn't it? That's me. I suppose our songs are just telling each other how crap we are. All my songs criticise this country. They're all about characters who are fed up and trying to get away. But they've got nowhere to go. There are mini King Canutes everywhere."

He laughs, and then relates a story about how crap and mean-spirited the French are too. It seems he recorded a version of 'To The End' in their native tongue for the French record company to release, struggled over it as his French isn't up to much. And were they flattered he'd made the effort? Were they f—! They turned it down flat. "So you see," he says, mock-sulking, "we're all as bad as each other."

THERE ARE times when Damon's strident rhetoric has been taken to be about the width of a privet hedge away from xenophobia. *The Face* superimposed a Union Jack behind him on a recent cover and another paper dimwittedly used the headline 'Our Culture Under Siege' to introduce a Blur feature the very same week that the BNP's Derek Beackon began his mercifully short reign as councillor.

"The notion of being lumped in with that sort of mindless ignorance is horrible," states Damon, eager to put the record straight. "But, at the same time, I think it's a shame that the music we write doesn't get through to that side of this country. I feel that's an inadequacy on my behalf. I really want to write music that is more universal. I see so many limitations to what we do.

"I've got to divorce myself from writing songs that have that semi-detached quality and go for shopping centres. This is the way I think about music and that's why people get confused about us. I want this album to reach that Britannia Book Club level. Y'know, take your trousers down at the Brits and then come back with an album that competes with Garth Brooks but is intelligent. That's the future for me. I can't see any alternative really."

He recently discovered that Julio Iglesias has sold 160 million records. That keeps his feet on the ground. Right now Blur would be content selling a million. Still, 'Parklife' entered the charts at Number One, knocking bricklayer's philosophers Pink Floyd off the top, and showed they were making headway towards reaching the listeners his heroes reach. In Damon's view, people like Prince, who are neither rock nor pop but simply great songwriters, touch people's lives irrespective of creed or colour. And that, he says, is what he hankers after.

Oh, he can see the purpose in all the Sensers and Fun-Da-Mentals, he understands their impetus to exist, but he is constantly disappointed that their music isn't populist, that it's too content to reach no further than the converted. Damon's role model for the perfect pop star is Jerry Dammers, who managed to infiltrate the charts with his anti-racist anthems and political fury embodied within songs everyone could sing.

"The Specials were a high point of British pop culture and it's something I really aspire to create again," he says. "Still, that whole British thing we went on about... I think there are better bands in Britain now than there have been for a long time. So it's working and I really think it's gonna work in America."

"I can't believe I was born English. Why wasn't I born Spanish or West Indian? Other races seem to enjoy everything so much more. The English are mean-spirited." – Damon

Blur?! America?! After all they've said about not giving a monkey's toss about making it there!

"OK, it doesn't really matter but, at the same time, it's quite scary when you get reports that 'Girls And Boys' is getting played 70 times a week on KROQ. You see, I think it's important for a couple of British bands to go over there and do it completely on their own terms. My biggest hang-up with America is that it's a one-sided thing. They sell their culture wholesale, McDonalds-style to the rest of the world, and they're not interested in anyone else.

"The British bands that have done well in America are the ones that have compromised themselves. Like Radiohead. That's not a criticism of them. I'm just saying that's the way they did it. But you don't last in America like that. There's not one British band who were prepared to play the game the American way and have then gone back and been accepted by an American audience a second time round."

Graham says that he refuses to go back until Blur have sold half a million records in America. Last time, he says, all the tedious travelling and insincere gladhanding and compensatory drinking put him in a rest home on his return.

It's this refusal to work for the Yankee dollar that led to Phil Daniels – the actor Blur have often publicly admired for his roles in The Who's *Quadrophenia* and Mike Leigh's *Meantime* – performing 'Parklife' on the album. While his contemporaries Tim Roth and Gary Oldman relocated to Los Angeles to seek their fortunes, Daniels has remained in London and, according to Blur, stayed true to his roots.

"It was one of the biggest thrills of my life when he performed with us at Shepherd's Bush," says Damon. Daniels had arrived in a fast car, straight from appearing in *Carousel* in the West End, and had launched into the song hunch-backed and manic, like he was playing Richard III. Damon was genuinely scared.

"I didn't know what he was going to do. In the rehearsal, he changed the words to 'Damon's got a brewer's droop' so God knows what he was gonna say." As it turned out, Daniels restricted himself to a clipped tirade against Man United (both he and Blur are Chelsea supporters) and the mutual appreciation society reconvenes at Glastonbury.

"That will be the greatest

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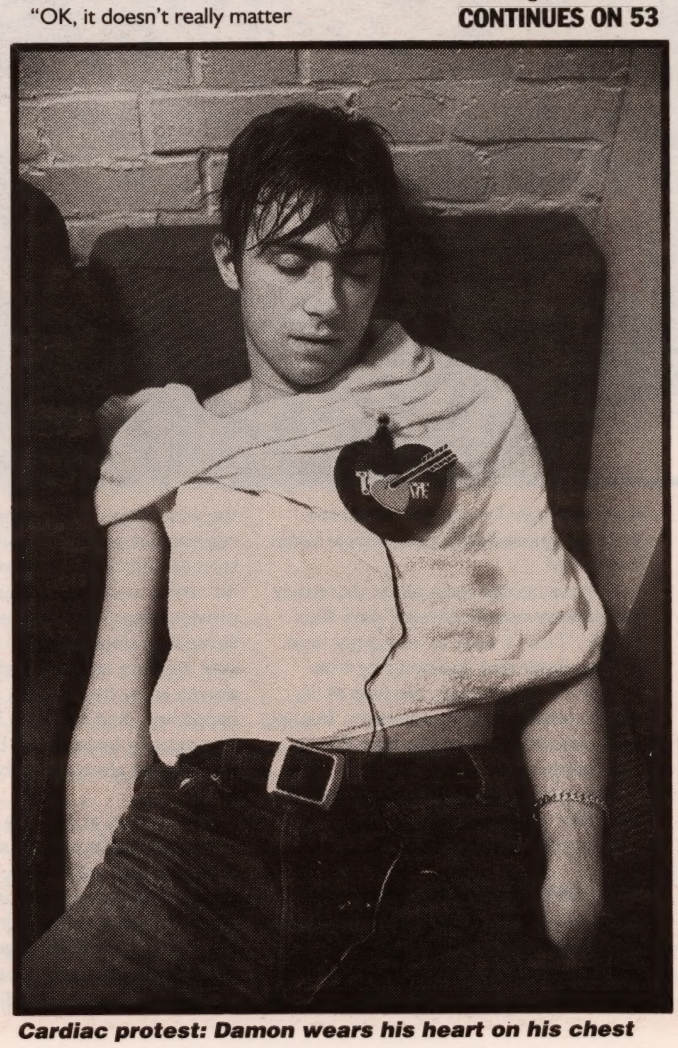

Cardiac protest: Damon wears his heart on his chest

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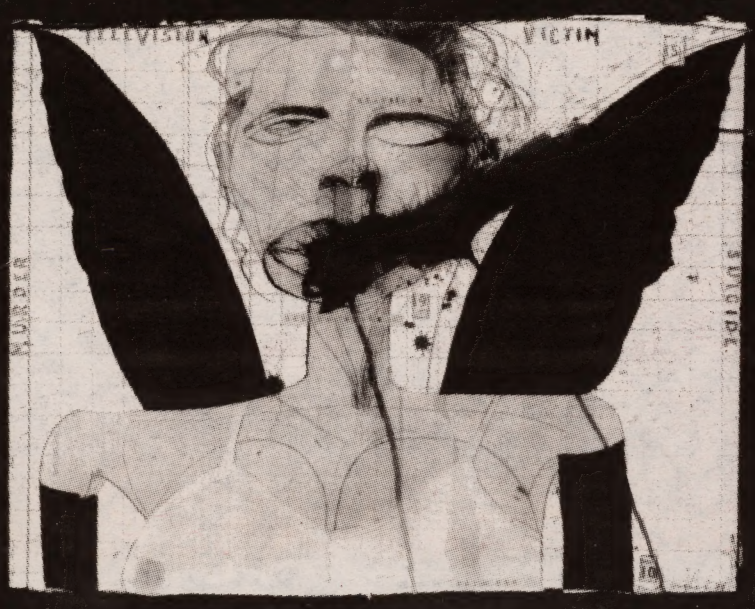

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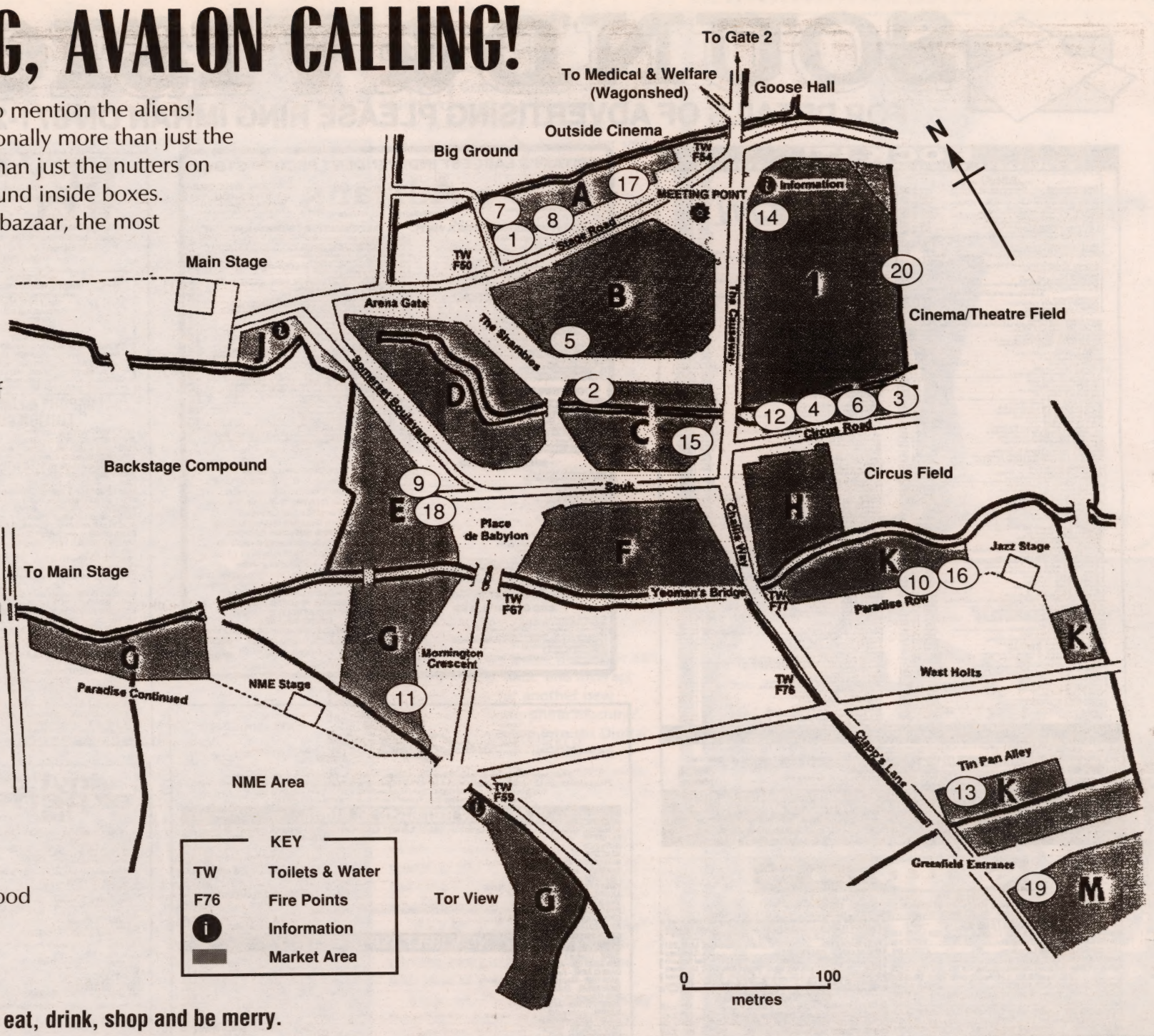
And so, for your delectation and delight, here is this year's guide to some of the very choicest of the stalls on display in the Market areas. Among those especially featured are Freewheelers, the ecologically-minded people who arrange shared lifts, Smart Drinks who provide space age beverages with a kick like a mule, and the self-explanatory and extremely famous Mouth Organ Emporium as well as the host of multi-ethnic menus on offer at the trillions of tasty food stalls.



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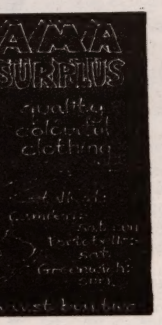

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SOUND & VISION

BLUR

FROM PAGE 30

night," says Damon. "I can't wait. 100,000 people, all singing along to 'Parklife' will be..."

He shrugs, for once genuinely lost for words.

CONSIDERING BLUR'S loud and aggressive campaign against America's cultural colonialism, and their constant griping about the successful invasion of grunge which triggered all those daft reports about the death of British pop, were Blur affected by Kurt Cobain's suicide?

Damon nods: "It was very strange, actually. I'd just been through a month of working ridiculously hard during which I went through 12 countries in ten days and I was suffering from nervous exhaustion.

"It was horrible because, at the same time that I was on the front covers looking the ironic, chirpy Englishman, there were all these other covers with these harrowing pictures of this quite beautiful man who was the same age as me who killed himself.

"It was 'orrible. And then Ayrton Senna died. There was a real air of..." He laughs self-consciously, "End of the century. Y'know, everything blowing up."

So is he optimistic about the future?

"The way I perceive optimism is having the ability to set yourself goals and achieve them and... function. So, in that sense, I am. Sometimes it's difficult to find yourself new goals. But I always want to try."

One of his long-avowed ambitions was recently fulfilled when he appeared on Ned Sherrin's Radio 4 current affairs chat show *Loose Ends*: "I was on with JP Donleavy," he says proudly. "I thought they'd have me for breakfast but they were very kind."

It appears that the world is his oyster.

"I don't wanna come across as satisfied," he says, "because I'm not. It's just that the success of 'Parklife' and this tour have given me a lot more confidence. Uh... having said that, though, I hadn't actually watched myself doing a gig for three or four years and I recently saw myself on MTV.

"It was very strange because I'd gone through the last three years thinking I was maybe a bit eccentric but, y'know... quite suave. And what I saw on that stage was a geek!." He laughs. "I was utterly shocked at what a clown I am."

Just as well the others are so cool then. The way Alex sits around playing bass on the ballads is pure insolent sex.

"True," he laughs. "It's Blur. I mean, Damon Albarn hasn't got a great ring to it, has it? And I keep getting called All Bran."

COWS. WE'RE talking about cows. As you do. Because Blur headline the *NME* stage at Glastonbury on Sunday night, and because Blur are fit as a butcher's dog, a band in their prime, the very best of British, they have been chosen to star on the *NME* Glastonbury cover. So what to do with these city boys to make the photos work? Damon, bare-chested, gone native in the country. That's our idea.

"Nah, cows. We want cows. And not just any old cows," shoutss Damon. "We want Friesians."

Friesians? Why Friesians?

" 'Cos they're black and white," he laughs. "Totally mod."

But, of course. He can see the headline now: Mod cow disease!

JAZZ STAGE

FROM PAGE 10

media feed you: a whole world of music to discover.

We're now in a situation where a former member of PiL (Wobble) can share a stage with the daughter of one of James Brown's singers (Carleen Anderson). Where studio boffins who might, once upon a time, have been accused of stealing from jazz (US3) can put together a mini orchestra and appear on the same bill as the card-carrying jazz players Julian Joseph, Steve Williamson, Jason Rebello.

US3 are perhaps the strangest group at Glastonbury: the brainchild of British producers Geoff Wilkinson and Mel Simpson, they began as a studio-based team fusing classic Blue Note jazz samples and modern rap, but when their records began to take off commercially, they formed a nine-piece band. After a while, Wilkinson and Simpson stopped appearing at the live gigs, leaving the band and singers/rappers Tukka Yoot to develop far beyond where the records went. Hence, Geoff Wilkinson's band will be appearing at the festival but he won't be onstage.

"I think it's the best bill there's ever been at Glastonbury, really diverse," he asserts with the confidence of a regular Glastonbury-goer – although it's only been for pleasure until now. "A bill like this would not have been possible a few years ago. I was reading recently, I think it was Morrissey – of all people – who said it, that we're witnessing the death of popular music. People are getting into all sorts of different things. Anything that moves mainstream taste to the left a little has got to be a good thing. Obviously the whole acid house thing made a huge impact. People discovered a lot of things out of that. Popular taste has widened, and the death of popular music sounds like a good thing to me. There's not a good term for what's going on now, perhaps because it is so diverse."

Julian Joseph, another Glasonbury debutant and as straight a jazz player as you could expect at the festival, is another celebrant of diversity. "I want to hang out there. I'll be checking out everything I can and I won't confine myself to one stage."

With a characteristic absence of ego and a clear awareness that he's not as big a draw as, say, Elvis Costello, he views his presence thus: "As long as you can represent yourself properly then you're adding to the variety of what's on offer. The Jazz World Stage might not be 100 per cent jazz but that doesn't matter. I appreciate *anyone* who tries to live the music they're doing, goes full out for it. The audience at a festival is there to hear music, they're vibed-up, immersed in it."

What more could a musician want?

IT WAS once regarded as wacky to mess with 'world music' but now Loop Guru can mess with what they want and still be brothers in rhythm to fellow Glastonbury star Lucky Dube. Dube, a 'world music' act who long-ago smashed pop culture's borders patrols with his South African reggae, is a living example of how musics have been meshing whether the Western world knows or cares.

It's only now we're starting to appreciate the possible fusions and that's why the Jazz World Stage exists; that's why it may be the most vital of all Glastonbury's delights.

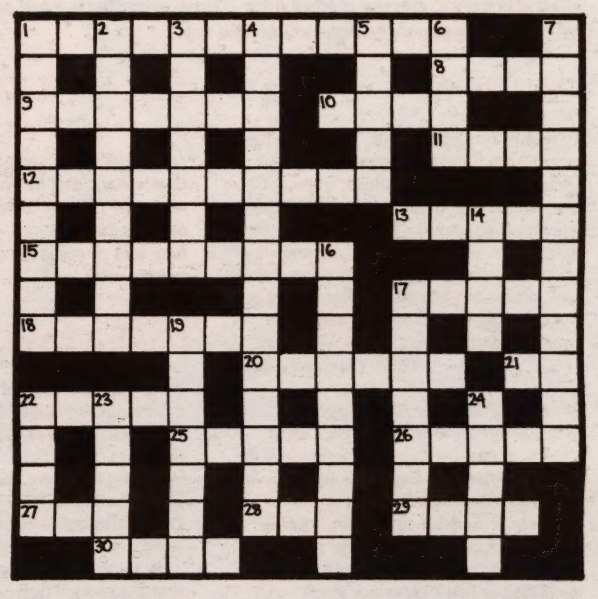
If these *are* Western pop's death-throes, let's get on with the wake. Welcome, not to the global village, but the whole bloody globe.

CROSSWORD

TREVOR HUNGERFORD GETS INTO THAT FESTIVAL VIBE

CLUES ACROSS

1+17D What, even those hated successful ones, Moz? (4-2-2-4-7)
8 Need a different album from Everything But The Girl (4)
9+19D Tori Amos leaves Wayne Hussey's lot behind (4-3-7)
10 An in-continent lot in the indie album charts with 'Aria' (4)
11 (See 6 down)
12 The beasts with a very snappy appearance from the makers of 4 down (10)
13 Group that are badly due in the south-east (5)
15+17A Bauhaus recording where the level was low? (2-3-4-5)
18 Permanent chap who became only a temporary member of Nirvana in 1989? (7)
20 Gerry ——, formed a songwriting partnership with Carole King (6)
21 Middle part of a song from The Aphex Twin (2)
22 Americans who hung around with 'White Punks On Dope' (5)
25 'Up The Hill And Down The ——' went The Loft (5)
26 Pinches something from a member of Fleetwood Mac? (5)
27 'The Way You Work It' to Number One? (1-1-1)
28 —— Turner, founder member of Hawkwind (3)
29 "*I came along just to bring you this ——/Can you spare one dream for me*", from 'Meet Me On The Corner' (4)
30+22D I get kind of crazy album from Australia's Weddings Parties Anything (4-4)



CLUES DOWN

1 Oh Percy! It can't really be that Lush (9)
2+7D The Pretenders have finished with the small labels (4-2-3-12)
3+16D An extract on the unconventional from Was (Not Was) (3-4-3-6)
4 "*In scarlet nights I saw you/So cruelly you kissed me*," 1984 (3-7-4)
5 From Creation with 'Supersonic' powers (5)
6+11A Magazine with genuine stories in 1978 (4-4)
7 (See 2 down)
14 '—— Without A Face', the looks of Billy idol... without the looks! (4)
16 (See 3 down)
17 (See 1 across)
19 (See 9 across)
22 (See 30 across)
23 He's had a 'Wonderful Life' which gave him a 'Sweetest Smile' (5)
24 Ocean Colour -----, who were here 'Yesterday Today' (5)

PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS

The legendary Loft (see 25 across): join the Q, girls!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

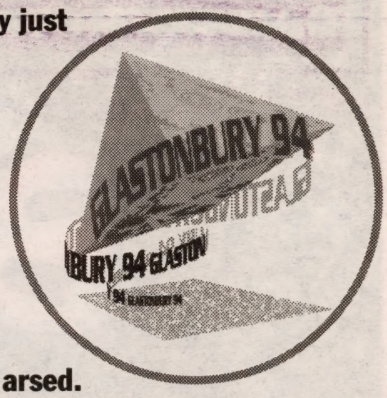
ACROSS: 1+9A Teenager Of The Year, 8+23A+7D Katrina And The Waves, 10+11D Info Freako, 12 Ray, 13 Archer, 15 Brecht, 16 My Girl, 18 ET, 19 Natty, 21+20D Kool And The Gang, 24 Siva, 26+17D Baker Street, 29 Ghost, 31 Osibisa, 32 Banks, 33+4D Rough And Ready.
DOWN: 1 Take It Back, 3 Generations, 5 Fad Gadget, 6+26D Hey Babe, 14 Curry, 16 Man, 22+2D Dixie Narco, 23 Two, 25 Amigo, 27 Kane, 28 Ross, 30 Skin.

EDITED BY JOHNNY CIGARETTES

THRILLS

● We at *Thrills* believe there is simply no point in going to Glastonbury just to see a few rock'n'roll bands and cruelly mock people who choose to live on the land. You've got to enter into the spirit of things. Feel the buzz of the ley lines. See the historic Vale Of Avalon in all its natural glory. Hear the echo of tribal rhythm. Taste the exotic fruits of a thousand nations. Have rude sex as God intended, under the stars, surrounded by chemically confused criminals.

But just how suited are you to this festival lifestyle? Are you fit to walk in the footsteps of ancient noblefolk? Or are you a wanker? Answer this quiz truthfully, the whole truthfully and nothing but the truthfully, and then add together your points at the end, if you can be arsed. Then, and only then, will you know if you have a place at the table of the Glasto gods.



HOW GLASTO ARE YOU?

1) HOW WILL YOU BE TRAVELLING TO GLASTONBURY?

a) In a Ford Scumsucker 1600i, with lots of 'boozy' mates, taking care to cast empty non-biodegradable beer cans upon the virgin soil at regular intervals and verbally abuse service station cashiers.

b) In a 'small but economical' Renault Clio bought by your parents for your last birthday, featuring window stickers saying 'I ❤ Shell Unleaded' and with mates from college, all of whom have put a single bead in their hair for the occasion.

c) You will walk all 400 miles, sponsored to raise money for the Green Disabled Anarcho-Syndicalist Single Parents Alliance, and as a protest against the continued oppression of pensioners' allotment space by Chipping Norton town council.

2) WHERE WILL YOU BE SLEEPING?

a) In a jumbo dormobile with television (to watch the World Cup), microwave and washer-drier on board. Towed behind the Ford Scumsucker.

b) In a nice big, colourful tent with a flower badly drawn on the side and a notice outside saying 'ZOE AND SIMON – MEET YOU BY THE *NME* STAGE AFTER THE BOO RADLEYS'.

c) In a tee-pee made from recycled gum tree bark and weasel droppings, in the middle of the stone circle.

3) WHAT WILL YOU BE DRINKING?

a) In excess of 40 crates of Carling, carrying around a four-litre container wherever you go.

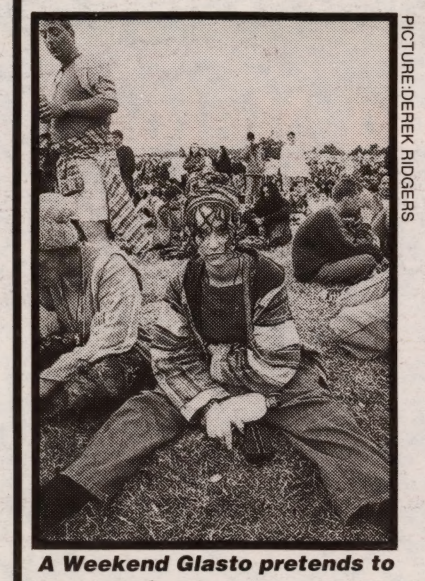
b) Cider and blackcurrant, plus the odd sip of 'herbal tea' from the Green Field, which you then throw away because it tastes like sick.

c) 'Halvaluana Tea', a 'herbal elixir' you made yourself from dried 'Avalon' grass, berries and essence of dolphin spew.

4) WHAT WILL YOU BE WEARING?

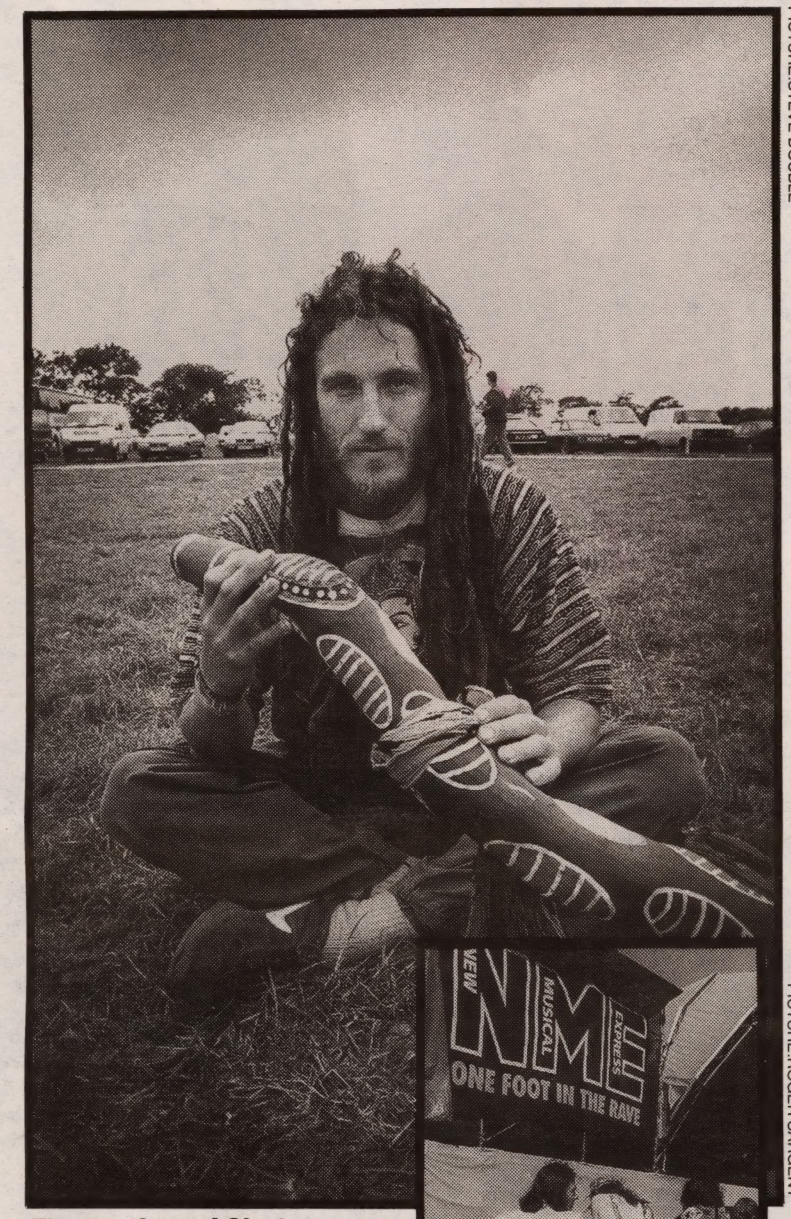
a) Knee-length surfing shorts, a hilarious 'Stoned Again' or 'Instant Arsehole, just add alcohol' T-shirt, 50p green-rimmed shades. Even if it's raining.

b) A tie-dye Benetton T-shirt, love beads, cut-off shorts, Doc Marten's,



PICTURE:DEREK RIDGERS

A Weekend Glasto pretends to be stoned



PICTURE:STEVE DOUBLE

PICTURE:ROGER SARGENT

The true face of Glasto...

Lennon shades from Carnaby Street. And dad's golfing umbrella if it's raining.

c) Nothing. Especially if it's raining.

... and the true arse...

5) HOW WILL YOU ACT?

a) Lurching around near burger bars, playing rough and tumble with your hard mates, throwing beer at passersby, and trying to joke with anyone female in the burger queue.

b) Trying unsuccessfully to sunbathe all day while telling all your friends 16 times that 'God I'm f—ing gone, mate, hurk, hurk' and how pissed/stoned/tripping you were last night. All lies, of course.

c) Gyrating cosmically to the Tindersticks, despite not knowing who they are, waving your arms around and asking people to 'smell the colour'. Of your piss on the earth, presumably.

6) COME 3AM, WHERE WILL YOU BE?

a) Trying to do a 'vogue' dance to the sounds of Psychick Warriors Ov Gaia, in order to impress a woman who looks like a photo in *i-D* magazine, who humours you at first but soon realises that you are a twat. Then you throw up on her and have a fight with her boyfriend.

b) Complaining about the noise to the dormobile next door, where the above is happening. The above man beats you up, too.

c) Hanging upside down from a tree, supposedly above a ley line, chanting gibberish, while recording it to sell as a 'natural relaxation tape'.

7) SUPPOSE YOU FALL OVER ON A BOTTLE AND SLASH YOUR WRIST. WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

a) Get your mate to wrap it in bandages from the first aid kit in the dormobile, then drive you to the nearest hospital.

b) Get someone to call a paramedic helicopter to swoop down into the crowd and rescue you, right in the middle of the best bit of Blur's set.

c) Stagger over to the tent of spiritual healing and alternative medicine, where they shake a piece of twig above your head, stick a few pins in you, and give you some Ecuadorian healing brew, by which time you have bled to death.

8) IF A FIRE-EATING JUGGLER ON A UNICYCLE, OR A MAN MIMING AS IF HE IS TRAPPED BEHIND GLASS APPROACHES YOU, HOW WOULD YOU REACT?

a) Laugh at him with your mates, trying to catch the torches he's juggling with, getting annoyed when you burn your hand and brutally knocking him off his unicycle, muttering 'F—in' flash twat, I could do that'. Or just moon at him.

b) Ask him to teach you how to juggle, and spend the rest of the festival practising, saying, 'Hey, I did it then!', to the irritation of all around you.

c) Confront him, saying 'Why are you burning our vibes, man?', and to the mime artist, 'You're just trapped within your own mind, man, relax'.

9) A SHIFTY LOOKING MANCUNIAN WITH A MOBILE PHONE IS SHOUTING 'ACID! BLACK 'ASH! Es! WHIZZ!' AT YOU. HOW DO YOU REACT?

a) You know him – he went out with your sister – so you talk to him and get some proper dope off him at half price.

b) Buy a ridiculous amount of dope which you couldn't possibly smoke in one weekend, and then discover it is in fact a big lump of mud.

c) Ask him why he needs man-made chemicals in order to enjoy nature, and ask him why he's using a mobile phone when he could use the wind-powered telephones in the Green Field. He beats the crap out of you.

10) A POOR, DEFENCELESS TODDLER IS WANDERING ABOUT THE SITE CRYING, HAVING LOST ITS PARENT(S). WHAT DO YOU DO?

a) Force feed the child lager, just for a laugh, then make it play football, before abandoning it.

b) Take the child to the 'Lost Children Of Jehovah' tent, assuming it will be returned to its parents. In fact, it will be brainwashed and brought up in a bizarre religious cult for the rest of its life.

c) Take the child back to your tee-pee, feed it some untreated goat's milk and teach it to meditate and play with non-violent toys from the land. Then get arrested and charged with satanic child abuse.

OK, that's the end of the quiz. Award yourself ten points for each question answered c); five points for each b); and no points (sorry!) for each a). Then see which of the following socio-politico-scientifically analysed personality type matches your score:

PICTURE:STEVE DOUBLE

Glasto Get finds a suitable sexual partner for the night...

ANSWERS

0-40 – GLASTO GET

SCUM. SCUM SCUM SCUM SCUM. If you had your way, the ancient traditions of Glastonbury would be razed to the ground in an orgy of techno-fascist ribaldry, decadent, tasteless commercialism and sexual lasciviousness. Planet Earth would become a giant slagheap of lager cans and discarded tabloid newspapers, unnatural deodorant sprays and Breville Sandwich toasters. Have you no shame? When I hear about the hole in the sky, salt water wells in my eyes. You just blow your snot at it. Well, I hope you're satisfied, NAZI.

40-95 – WEEKEND GLASTO

YOU'RE EVEN worse. You won't even admit to being an ENEMY OF PLANET EARTH, and instead act as a double agent for the forces of evil. For three days every year you can pose around with your collaborationist Green Party stickers, but then you drive home to straight-land to eat capitalist veggie-burgers, paid for by the blood of Bolivian peasants. You discolour the grass by shielding it from the sun with your tent, er, you drink the alcoholic produce of apples and blackcurrants, snatched from the mouths of Mongolian freedom fighters, and you refuse to deposit your natural waste upon the soil because of the 'smell'. I just hope you can sleep at night, TRAITOR!

95-100 TRUE GLASTOE KNIGHTE OF AVALONE

THANK YE, Comrade, for staying true to ye noble cause of Glastoe. While cowards flinched and traitors sneered, you lived, breathed and ate from the sacred Earth, never once knowingly bathed your bottom or smothered its aroma in materialist trappings, and confronted enemies of the stone circle at every turn. Perhaps you would like to join us in sacrificing an unruly child and feasting on virgin's entrails at midnight on Saturday, on top of the dongas tribe tent. Bring a bottle.